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FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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NEW YORK.—HORACE GREELEY AT HOME—MR. GREELEY RECEIVING A DELEGATION FROM THE STATE CENTRAL COMMITTEE OF LIBERAL REPUBLICANS AT HIS FARM AT CHAPPAQUA.—SEE PAGE 215.

FRANK LESLIE'S
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537 PEARL STREET, NEW YORK.
FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW YORK, JUNE 15, 1872.

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DEMENTED DIPLOMACY.

THERE is no getting past the fact. There is no satisfaction like that which pervades us all when we are able to exclaim to our fellow-men, "We told you so!" There is no humiliation greater than to be obliged to admit that we were told so, especially when the matter somehow involves a basket of champagne or a white hat—the ruling color—or some other tangible concession of our ignorance or want of judgment.

Now, our readers will bear witness that we "told them so," about the wretched farce that was enacted in Washington last Spring—the miserable "Alabama Convention." Never was a country brought to a more abject condition of humiliation than we have been, through the ignorance and chicanery of the existing Administration, in that affair. We cannot, in our limited space, go over the field; but, as we write, the position is this: The President asks the Senate to father his blunders—to eat the humble-pie that Gladstone presents to him, and let him slip away to the congenial society of his cigars, bull-pups and jockeys. We may speak too late to be heard, and we are not vain enough to suppose that, even if we were heard, we could influence a single vote in that Senate which noses at the heels of power; but we hope that the Senatorial representation of the United States—which has intrinsically some sense of honor left—will not allow itself to be shouldered with the monstrous moon-calf of Grant's diplomacy. Let Grant and the worthy representative of Petrus Stuyvesant's cabbage-garden go their ways, and let the British Lion growl—if it wishes to do so. We know nothing "so lovely" as to keep the "Alabama Claims" an open question. Why should we take the hook out of the jaws of Leviathan?

"ANYTHING TO BEAT GRANT."

IT is quite the fashion of partisans to call Cincinnati Convention people "Soreheads," to say that their motives are personal and spiteful, and that all they mean by Horace Greeley is to break up the Republican Party, out of animosity to General Grant; that the Liberal Reform movement is personal against General Grant wholly, because he did not give its leaders certain patronage. This falsehood has been over and over exploded, so far as the matter of patronage goes. A full investigation of this slander was had in the United States Senate, in the course of which Senator Morton lost some laurels, as head party whipper-in.

The military Ring are the disorganizers. They broke up the "party harmony," like a band of highwaymen, by usurping its machinery by force and fraud; by bayonets, as in Louisiana, and by Federal office-holders, as in New York—and all with the military intent to coerce everybody to concur either in the renomination of Grant or in the destruction of the Republican Party. It is they who are the disorganizers—that is, so far as the old machinery of the Republican Party is concerned.

But the old Republican machine it smashed, and is dead as a door-nail. The Republican Party takes a new birth and a new departure from Cincinnati, under fresh leaders. Its old flag is still full high advanced, but its borders are enlarged; and that fact makes all the difference in the world. It goes now for Peace, Amnesty, Reform and Union; for One Term; for war against thieving Rings and corporations; and for a hand-and-hand union with all men who will stand on this new platform, and help to push onward its noble endeavors and pledges. This is the issue to-day between the military Bourbons and old fogies, and the new party of youth and impulse. Grant and the old fog Ring are a thousand years behind the times, when they talk about this sublime Reform movement as a "Sorehead" grumble. The old shallow pretext about Rebels and Ku-Klux is now quite "too thin" to conceal the Disunionists and Plunderers and Despots, who have masked in false colors so long, that their ravages in the South, and their corruptions and robberies and usurpations in the North, have disgusted and alarmed the very souls of all thinking men who love their country, and their whole country. We have passed far beyond the power of the party hacks and their

machine. Their curses and threats, their hopes and fears, are as powerless now to scare the Northern whites as would be the crack of a whip to alarm the emancipated Southern blacks. The country is getting its freedom—whites and blacks! Its freedom from Disunion, and from all the wickedness and folly of Hate, of Schism, of Sectionalism, and Prejudice.

It is General Grant's fault that he was ambitious and weak and obstinate enough to put himself in his present position. It was he who absolutely forced himself into it by downright military tactics, acting under the advice of perfidious sycophants. He should have modestly retired out of the way, unless asked to come again to the front. He is not the first man who, when he

"would rend the oak,
Dreamed not of its rebound."

And what is thus true of Grant's Ring is true of the old Bourbon Democrats. The Reform Democracy will, we think, sweep all their foundations from under the old Bourbons of 1864 and 1868, in about ninety days. And it is no difference whether the Bourbons make or don't make a nomination with the old Democratic machinery. The Liberal Republican Party is the new and living party of the People. The true party. The party of Peace, of Union, and of Hope! And it is marching to an assured and glorious victory, gathering recruits under Honest Horace Greeley, as it advances, from among all parties. The old fogies may as well quit scolding and slandering, and yield gracefully and promptly to this blessed revolution.

THE "WORLD'S" HATRED

OF
SOUTHERN DEMOCRATS AND ENGLISH
GRAMMAR.

"But how trivial a matter is the release of a few elderly Southern men from disability to hold office, in comparison with the great questions which penetrate to the very roots of the fundamental structure of our Government."—EXTRACT FROM THE *World*.

WE are not in the habit of reading the *World*. We believe very few people are; and hence the spasmodic and hysterical anger which, we learn, it has been displaying against the conductors of its successful rival, the *Tribune*. But in a scathing review of the *World's* proposal to the Democratic Party to commit suicide by refusing to indorse Mr. Greeley, in that genuine Democratic journal, Ben Wood's *Sunday News*, we find the above quotation indignantly commented upon, as displaying an equal amount of ignorance and impudence on the part of the pseudo Democratic organ!

As the member of the Democratic Committee from Arkansas, Mr. Hanell, proved in his indignant letter replying to the flippant impertinence, this matter is not one which concerns "a few elderly Southern men only," but may control for Grant EIGHTY-EIGHT Electoral votes!

Such ignorance and imbecility in a party organ suggests the suspicion of treachery—for the fact is too plain and patent to have escaped the knowledge even of the *petits-maitres* who move the *World*—in their own conceit, but whose big words with little meaning have long made them the laughing-stocks of people who understand the English language. For, passing over the bad feeling and bad taste displayed in the paragraph quoted, not to mention the gross ignorance it displays, what does the man mean in grubbing "at the roots of the fundamental structure of our Government?"

The words are "very brave words," as Dr. Cains would say; but do they mean anything? What is a fundamental structure? and can it have any "roots"?

These are questions which will perplex plain people, and very "grave questions" they are which must "penetrate" even through the foggy atmosphere of the *World*.

Byron, in his "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," attacked Walter Scott for having more "gramarye than grammar" in his "Lay of the Last Minstrel"; and though the editor of the *World* is evidently no conjuror, he yet displays the same hostility to Lindley Murray that he evidently feels toward the suffering Southern people, whom he has made the subject of his sneers.

For, he says that "the life of a party is its principles"—a blunder no Sunday-school boy would have made, remembering the famous quotation, "The wages of sin is death," though possibly the *World*, "in its philosophy" (Comptism) holds the Bible in as little account as it evidently does the grammar, or the "elderly Southern Democrats," whom it wantonly and foolishly insults.

The Democracy of the South have long suspected how faithless the *World's* professions of sympathy have been, when its own selfish organic and "fundamental" interests stood in the way—as when it "sold" them during the war, and since, on the very eve of the last election. But that it should throw off its mask and openly insult them now, is a proof of the desperation which has seized upon it, or the treachery it meditates, in view of the indorsement of Mr. Greeley,

with such unanimity and fervor, by the whole Southern people.

"Unharm'd, then, let the dirty creature rage,
Secure in dullness, driv'ling, want and age."

"SPRECHEN SIE DEUTSCH."

THE tide of Teutonic immigration rolls in upon us in a mighty wave in this year of 1872. The Immigration Returns for the first quarter show that, as compared to the Irish immigration, once so preponderating, the German this year is more than three to one; as compared to the English, almost two to one, and as to the French, ten to one.

Thus, from 1st January to 31st March the influx was 12,497 Germans, 3,948 Irish, 7,544 English, 1,368 French. This superiority of German over all other immigration was observable in the returns for 1869-70.

The war, of course, checked this flow for the time of its continuance, and it was supposed the welding together of the German nationality under the new Empire would interpose a barrier to the outward rush.

But such has not been the case, as these figures show; in fact, the temporary damming-up of the stream seems only to have accelerated its after-flow.

This may not please Bismarck, but it pleases the thoughtful American, who must welcome the accession of such intelligent, industrious and thrifty citizens.

Already New York is one of the largest German cities in the world, and, as much of this new immigration will stop here, promises to be more Teutonic still.

Already lager-bier is making rapid marches on the old national tipple, and the music of the Vaterland is to be heard on our streets and in our concert-rooms; the German tenor Wachtel held his own gallantly at the Grand Opera House, and Janauschek disputed the tragic laurel with Ristori.

As a political element, under the leadership of the great orator, Carl Schurz, the German vote will most probably decide the coming Presidential canvass, and it is fast becoming one of the chief elements to lighten our load.

It is curious, that as a cognate race, the Dutch, first occupied and ruled Manhattan, or Nieuw Amsterdam, as we read in the chronicles of Diedrich Knickerbocker, this second avatar of Teutons should come to enjoy the fatness of the land, and dispossess the descendants of the men who drove the Dutchmen out.

Another striking feature of this year's immigration is to be noticed in the fact that the majority of the incomers of all nationalities are skilled laborers and Protestants, which reverses the usual proportions. This year's arrivals, also, are chiefly young and single men—the proportion of males to females being more than two to one.

All of which shows that there is a good time coming for the German element in America, which we trust, however, will Americanize itself as much as possible, and cast back no lingering looks on its native from its adopted land.

AN EARLY WATER TELEGRAPH:
A SECRET WELL KEPT.

AT a time when the spontaneous tribute of two hemispheres is being paid to the genius of Morse, it may not be amiss to mention a kindred enterprise, which was privately undertaken at about the same time his own world-renowned invention was brought to perfection. When the jeers and sneers of dignified members of Congress were being bestowed upon Morse's untried and incomplete invention in Washington, and his attempt to establish a short experimental line between the capital and the city of Baltimore was being discouraged and scouted in a manner that was little less than disgraceful—whether caused by natural stupidity or inexcusable ignorance—a telegraphic enterprise, of an entirely different character, was engaging the attention of another inventor, and two or three studious and scientific men, especial friends in this metropolis, whose investigations and progressive operations never reached the public ear. The inventor, and the very few gentlemen who knew of his embryo project, were never "interviewed" by enterprising reporters of the daily Press. The ingenious experimenter kept his own counsel. Having "nothing to say" concerning his secret, he said it, "and there an end." And the present is the first exposition of a then incipient telegraph, which came very near becoming an established and practical fact in American telegraphy.

Mr. Samuel D. Dakin, a gentleman of fine intellect, and much given to scientific research, was at that time in Washington, engaged in getting through both houses of Congress appropriations for the establishment of the Floating Dry Dock, afterward passed, for the ports of New York, Philadelphia, San Francisco, Kittery, in Maine, and other places. In the experiments in the compression and displacement of water, in front of the dock machinery, it is believed, was the idea first entertained of

making water, under hydraulic pressure, the main element in a system of telegraphy.

After long study, and various patient experimenting, Mr. Dakin had an operating instrument constructed, by a most ingenious and delicate worker in metals in Centre Street, containing brass types, which could be quickly arranged, and distinctly impressed, in words, upon slips of paper like that afterward employed by Morse himself. The action which produced this was the hydraulic power of water in a metallic tube, or pipe, by the pressure of a key, not unlike a single piano-key, at one end of the same. Five miles of this small pipe were arranged, and operated, with great secrecy, in a huge close coil, in the spacious cellar of the Girard House, at the corner of Chambers Street and West Broadway, now the Cosmopolitan Hotel. Several dispatches were distinctly impressed by the types upon the paper at the distant end of the pipe or tube, in the presence of the inventor's brother-in-law, the late Charles Gould, then a well-known broker and banker in Wall Street, Rev. Dr. G. W. Bethune, his life-long friend and pastor at Utica, Charles Cisco, a partner in the Floating Dry Dock Company, Prof. Mapes, who lived close by, and the recorder of this brief reminiscence. No other person, except the inventor's relative, Hon. Amos Kendall, of Washington, was ever made acquainted with this very early attempt at telegraphing through the medium of compressed water.

Some defects in the invention awaited correction—such as the substitution of a liquid which should have the requisite consistency of water, without the liability to freeze in Winter in a cold climate, difficulty in selecting the right material for tubing, etc.

After some time had elapsed, the complete success of Morse's great enterprise became established, and all idea of competing with an invention so nearly perfect passed for ever from the ingenious and persevering inventor's mind.

LAST FRENCH FASHION IN
DUELS.

THE umbrella has been adopted as the latest weapon for journalistic duello in France, where, as everybody knows, the able editor must be as ready with his sword as his pen. In fact, the greater proportion of the duels under the Second Empire took place between editorial belligerents. Homicide, as well as the slaughter of political reputations, seemed part of the functions of the French *Corps Editorial*, and many editorial openings were made by sharpened foils, that being the favorite weapon; this became so notorious, that it was regarded as a refreshing novelty when Prince Pierre Bonaparte killed Victor Noir—the young editor who was "spoiling for a fight" and trod on his gouty toes—with a pistol, and not in a regular.

So sure a path to journalistic distinction had the duello become, that the chief champion of the Imperial Press, Paul de Cassagnac, boasted that he owed his ribbon of the Legion of Honor to the fact of his having fought so many editorial duels, and hoped in time to receive a higher decoration for similar services. Grattan, whose dying injunction to his son was to "be ready with the pistol," would have enjoyed the "blazing" era of the Empire, and doubtless taken occasion to "go out" with M. de Cassagnac before breakfast, had his date been postponed to that very Irish Era.

But the latest duel recorded in the French journals, and reproduced by the *Courier des Etats Unis* of this city, was of a more novel and bloodless description, although waged between two rival journalists.

The weapons used were umbrellas! And each of the combatants exultingly claims the victory for his *paraphraie* and himself.

Each tells his tale in *Figaro*, the *Punch* of Paris.

The combatants were MM. Rogat and Ratisbonne; the place—the public street, on the Boulevard Montmartre; the weapons—umbrellas.

M. Rogat opens his story thus:

"The umbrella duel is one of the traditions of the *Journal des Debats*.

"For, once on the street did not Saint-Beuve attack Villemain? and after a brilliant passage of umbrellas, Villemain, severely stricken, took to his heels, abandoning his arms on the field of battle, like Demosthenes, 'gloriously leaving his shield behind him.'"

"Yesterday I encountered Ratisbonne on the street. The god of battles for the first time inspired him. He sought to quarrel with and struck me with his umbrella. I, too, had an umbrella, which, compared to that of my adversary, was as a Toledo blade contrasted with an ordinary weapon. I charged furiously back upon him. His sword—I mean his umbrella—being an inferior one, lost courage, and broke in his hands. I then spared him. Ratisbonne, adjusting the pieces of his broken weapon, with an air of satisfaction, cried aloud, 'I have long sought this!' which I repaid by giving him a little more over the shoulders. A sergeant of police intervened, took us to a police station, and then sent us different ways about our business."

He then adds a lament that a journalist should have provoked "so ignominious a contest," so disreputable to "the profession."

"But all is for the best under this best of republics!"

Per contra, M. Ratisbonne sustains the honor of his umbrella in another letter, giving his version of the affair, but declares he "inflicted upon him the chastisement he merited," and that he "successfully parried" with his umbrella the thrusts of M. Rogat.

When journalists disagree, who can decide? So, this must rest among the disputed battles of the world. But the substitution of the umbrella for small-sword or pistol, in journalistic differences, is certainly a step in the right direction.

REV. SYDNEY SMITH, the renowned Prebend of St. Paul's, London, in a lecture on "Beauty," as well as in several of his private letters to distinguished lady correspondents, does not hesitate to regard it as a duty for all young women favored with graceful forms and good looks by their Maker, to make their dress and adornments to correspond tastefully therewith; and while he honored and extolled female intellect and genius and appropriate lady-accomplishments, he had a horror of the lofty assumptions of the "benign ceruleans of the second sex." What would he have thought of the female logicians, orators, and learned "ologists" of every name and nature in this, our day and generation? The subjoined sentences, from two of his familiar letters, convey a hint of what his impressions would have been. The first is from a note to Lord Jeffrey, editor of the *Edinburgh Review*:

"She is, for a woman, well-informed and very liberal; neither is she at all disagreeable; but the information of very plain women is so inconsiderable, that I agree with you in setting no very great store by it. I am no great physiognomist, nor have I much confidence in a science which pretends to discover the inside from the out; but where I have seen fine eyes, a beautiful complexion, effortless grace and natural symmetry in women, I have generally thought them amazingly well-informed and extremely philosophical. In contrary instances, seldom or ever. Is there any accounting for this?"

The second passage is from a note to Lady Holland, the beautiful and every way gifted daughter of the reverend writer:

"I shall be extremely happy to see Mr. —, and will leave a note for him at the tavern where the mail stops, to say so. Nothing can exceed the dullness of this place; but he has been accustomed to live alone with his grandmother, which, though a highly moral life, is not an amusing one. There are two Scotch ladies staying here, with whom he will get acquainted, and to whom he may safely make love the ensuing winter; for love, though a very acute disorder in Andalusia, puts on a very chronic shape in these Northern latitudes—for, first, the lover must prove metaphysically that he ought to succeed, and then, in the fifth or sixth year of his courtship (or, rather, of argument), if the Summer is tolerably warm and oatmeal plenty, the fair one is 'von'."

On the authority of Indiana Democrats, it now transpires that there is milk in the Hon. Mr. Voorhees's cocoanut. It seems that Mr. Luse, brother-in-law of Mr. Voorhees, was transplanted by General Grant from Lafayette, Ind., and appointed Collector of Customs at Louisville, Ky., the best office in that State, over the heads, of course, of resident Kentucky Republicans. Such milk is very sweet, and no wonder that Mr. Voorhees, now that he's got a taste of it, like "Oliver Twist," cries out for "more."

LETTERS FROM JUNIUS.

No. X.

WILL TREACHERY WIN?

JUNIUS has made it evident—as he thinks—to his readers that, in all honor and good faith, the Democrats—should its platform suit them—were bound by pledges, expressed and implied, to stand by the nominees of the Cincinnati Convention, whoever they might be. The body of the Democrats did not expect at Cincinnati either a platform of Free Trade or the nomination of Democrats. Everybody knows this fact—and not even a knave will dispute it. What the Democrats wanted of Cincinnati was, to put them in the way to retrieve the fatal blunder which they made in 1868, when, if Judge Chase, a Liberal Republican, had been nominated by them, we should have been spared the pain and mortification of the Grant Administration of nepotism, ignorance, bungling, defalcation, lawlessness of all sorts, despotism, sectional bitterness, present-taking, trotters and dogs, and watering-place nonsense, during a business season which demanded that the Administration should be—where it is paid to stay—at the seat of Government. To weed out this wretched and humiliating Grant interpolation, was the main object of the Reformers at Cincinnati. Whatever might have been its personal result, the Liberal Republicans would have acquiesced in the action of that Convention. They would have voted for either Mr. Trumbull, or Mr. Davis, or Mr. Adams, or Mr. Brown, or any one else of character, if planted on the patriotic and wise platform and Declaration of Principles which went forth from Cincinnati.

Now, then, it appears that because Horace Greeley is nominated, a certain clique of Cynics and Dandies and Aristocrats fancy that the old plain farmer-editor, in his White Coat and Slouch Hat uniform, is not sufficiently ideal to suit their tastes. He has been but a month before the nation as a candidate, and during that short time Mr. Greeley has developed positively a national enthusiasm. It is true that no Republican Convention, as such, has met and ratified his nomination. And who, outside of a madhouse, expected such a result in any quarter? We all know that the pressure of the Red Republican machine is too despotic just now to permit any such demonstration. But we see what is better than the trained

heartless demonstrations of paid party office-holders. We see a spontaneous outburst from Maine to Texas, and from New York to California, which evidences such popularity of Mr. Greeley as is absolutely astounding, when it is remembered how fiercely Mr. Greeley has fought in party political warfare for nearly the last half-century. This popularity is so astoundingly manifested, that the Administration is fairly appalled by it. This was seen at Washington, in the earnest and dubious faces of the Grant Ring, late of both houses of Congress, wherein one reads alarm. Mix with the trading political —, and you will be amazed at the number of these who—to use a slang phrase—are "on the fence." So powerful is the impression which Mr. Greeley's name and his Letter of Acceptance have made on the masses, that the traitors in Democratic masks find it essential to show their hands quite early, and to assail Mr. Greeley with such bitterness and malice, as clearly indicates that such assailants are but the pensioned retainers of the Administration, who are in haste—urgent haste—to nip, in its bud, this overwhelming popularity. The assaults of Voorhees and the New York World are so narrow, so bitter, so vehement, that the veriest Jackanapes must perceive that they are inspired by the apprehension that there is great danger (to them!) of Horace Greeley's success. Else why should these men dig behind the Cincinnati compromises to spread Mr. Greeley's party record before the nation—and in the most offensive manner, too? Patriotic objectors, who favored the Cincinnati Convention as did the World and Voorhees, would not argue in such a spirit about the nomination of an old Republican, whose past record necessarily must be with dead-and-gone issues. Unless dread of the defeat of Grant inspires these men, or bribery of some sort, how shall we account for the fact that they are trying to foment the Free Trade quarrel again, and to set the sections by the ears once more, when they read Greeley's indorsement of every plank of their platform? But enough of this. The people comprehend these gentlemen, instinctively.

What I wish to dilate a little on just now, is the notion (which some very honest men have) about an ideal candidate. Take Charles Francis Adams or Mr. Groesbeck as an example—or General Cox, of Ohio—all gentlemen of whom I wish to speak in the most respectful manner. Which one of these could have touched the popular heart as Horace Greeley has done? The people are not poets; they love and trust, and "tie to" those whom they know practically, when they go for candidates in seasons of doubt and peril. It would have pleased a world of these idealists if Clay, or Webster, or Calhoun, or Seward, could have been President. But the Conventions, which always know the people of their districts, and obey them when delegates are honest, felt and knew that Harrison and Taylor, and Lincoln, and Jackson, as compared with those mere statesmen, had the confidence and love of the masses in a greater degree than had either of their competitors. Charles Francis Adams is nowhere near the popular heart. As a running candidate he is the purest idealist. Who knows Mr. Groesbeck outside of Ohio, beyond his record as one of Andy Johnson's impeachment lawyers, in whose defense he made a masterly plea? Or General Cox, of Ohio? What are such mere names, therefore, in weight with the people, as compared with a man like Greeley, who has been, as it were, in their houses, about their homes and hearths, daily for the last thirty years, as familiarly as their own household gods—in fact, one of them? A plain man, lecturing to, editing for, plain, sensible people, all of whom, whether or not they politically agreed with him, always found him an honest, instructive, and a fair opponent, and a man of ability, honor, wisdom and truth, or a safe party guide. No. If we had been able to manufacture a candidate to order, to suit the requirements of the pioneer Reform Party which purposes to rebuild this Union, no one could have been produced more exactly to fit the national case at this moment than does Honest, Popular Horace Greeley.

Snobs, Exclusives, Cynics and Dandies object to his dress. He is not what they call "a gentleman." He has not wasted that busy life of his, so full of goodness, of honor, and of usefulness, in cultivating that especial class which such Snobs, Cynics, and Dandies admire. He has not been a smiling, chattering, empty diplomat, who went bowing and grinning round the world of fashion and of lies. Nor yet has he been a "fancy statesman," who, ever and anon, well crammed out of his library, has let off "big speeches," and then relapsed into indolence and Pythagorean silence, until loaded up again with fresh cramming. Mr. Greeley's vigorous practical intellect has addressed itself, every day—earnestly, thoughtfully and passionately—to the issues of the hour, through the *Tribune*; and yet he has found time for more useful popular writing besides than has any two of his contemporaries. His good sense, accuracy, and industry, as displayed in his political writings, have molded parties, inspired events, and awed opposition to an extent and with a power which none of these ideal statesmen have even approached. He is the representative of a Party of the Day, which represents the duties of the day; and this is now the only party. His example is one that every good father and mother wish their son to follow—of industry, temperance, honesty, Christianity. He believes that the President is an officer of the people, who has constitutional duties to perform—not a *Ruler*, who owns the country, and can do with it what he pleases. Grant was educated at the expense of the Government. Greeley mainly educated himself. Does any one suppose—as Governor Palmer of Illinois well puts it, in a recent admirable speech—that if Grant and Greeley had had the same early opportunities in life, and each had worked out his own salvation, that the Grant of the day (the merest driver in everything not military,) intellectually or in any other sense, would have been in the world of men what Greeley is to-day? The bare suggestion is preposterous! The comparison, therefore, between the intellectual fitness of Grant and Greeley for the Presidency, justly ranks Greeley so far above and beyond Grant, as to render a parallel utterly impossible. Do these political Miss Nancies, or paid advocates, pretend that Horace Greeley is not equal to the Presidency, as a man of experience, knowledge—sound American knowledge—and executive ability! They quote his eccentricities. What great and popular man is there who is not noted for peculiar lines of character, which distinguish him from the herd of men? When have we seen, or has the world seen, a greater oddity than was Mr. Lincoln? Was not Andrew Jackson odd in this sense? Who wants a better platform—unless it be some monomaniacal Free-Trader—than is that of Cincinnati, on which the Free-Traders in that Convention compromised, including such men as Atkinson, Wells, Selden, and Matthews? Who wants broader pledges than that platform makes for amnesty, for reform, for the national credit, for one term, for civil service, for local government, for an Administration that shall

represent the whole country and not a party? Who ever stood more squarely on any platform than does Horace Greeley on that of Cincinnati?

These are the questions for honest men to answer—questions with which the old flies of the *Tribune* have no more to do than has the old Hartford Convention, or the embargo, or the celebrated ark of Noah. Is it not rank treason to our cause, then, to be quibbling and pettifoggery about Mr. Greeley's party record? It is absolutely treason of the Tombs "shyster" order. I alluded above to the fact that these Objectors, these Grant men in Democratic masks, cry out in chorus that Mr. Greeley has not given evidence of any Republican strength. These men understand how complete is the answer which I have already herein above given to this quibble. But do they not know perfectly well that if Baltimore shall not confuse us, that if Baltimore do not forfeit its knightly honor, that if Baltimore be true to the patriotic masses, and will permit this fight to be a fair and square one between Greeley and Grant—that from and after the adjournment of the Baltimore Convention, our Reform Ranks will be swelled until they shall number a resistless army, which will fairly sweep the Military and Congressional Grant Ring out of the field? Do not these Dandies, Snobs, Cynics and Pettifoggers know this fact? They know it and dread it! The Money Ring, now plotting treason to as noble a cause as ever inspired humanity—the cause of Union and of the People, the cause of love and harmony, of peace and of good fellowship—know that triumph is within our grasp, that victory already perches on our banners, and that treachery—low, selfish, ignoble treachery to us—is the only hope of the adversary. They know that Mr. Greeley animates all the hitherto drooping hearts of patriots (who are tired of discord and of the rule of arrogant, ignorant and petty men) as with the certainty of better days. They know that the Cincinnati Platform and Nominees give to the Democrats of this hour all the strength and hope which they have of a renewed life for the country under a humane, liberal and free government; and they know perfectly well that a combined effort is assured success. Are they weak enough to suppose that this venal knavery will win? that the people will turn back from the inspirations of the Cincinnati Platform and its new Declaration of Independence, to join the Voorheeses in their low, dirty work of digging up that party record of Horace Greeley which he closed for ever in his noble Letter of Acceptance?

JUNIUS.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

Booking for an Excursion Train.

The Whitsuntide holiday week usually sends a crowd of people at an early hour of the morning to each of the principal railroad stations in London, whence they are to start by the cheap excursion-trains for the several places of refreshment on the shores of Kent or Sussex, or for the North or West of England. It is an interesting sight to watch this gathering of happy pilgrims, in quest of harmless and healthy pleasure, and to see the care they take to keep each family party together in the restless throng which continually enters and passes out, going on to the platform as the hour draws near for the appointed departure of the train. The process of getting their tickets at the little trap-window of what is still called the "booking-office" (as though places in the train were booked like those in the old stage-coach), is apt to be a little tedious when hundreds are waiting to be served.

Cabmen's Meeting at Cambridge Hall, London.

On Tuesday, April 23d, a crowded public meeting of cabmen, convened by the Cab Drivers' Benevolent Association, was held at the above hall in Newman Street, "to consider the present state of the cab laws and trade grievances." Mr. Roger Eykyn, M.P., took the chair. Among the objects proposed were the consolidation of the existing cab laws into one Act, and the abolition of various vexatious restrictions, such as the compulsion to give tickets, and to carry a badge or license. Complaint was also made that cabmen had no power to compel their fares to go to a police-station, so that they were often defrauded; nor can they demand more than the legal fare at whatever speed they may run. It was also proposed that the railway stations should be thrown open to the trade at large, and a deputation was appointed to wait on the Home Secretary and present the views of the meeting.

The War-Dance of the Zulus.

The Loudeens, or Zulus, are a savage tribe who inhabit a portion of Southern Africa, and rule the right bank of the Zambesi. They exact a heavy annual tribute from Portuguese merchants and settlers. Our illustration depicts the war-dance of these Zulus, at Shupanya, on a recent occasion, when they came to receive the customary tribute. It is a kind of sham fight, set to music, in which there are two or more opposing parties, who draw up in line, led by their chief, and the men, bearing a shield and long spear, attack each other with well-simulated vehemence. The battle and dance terminate when any party signifies its defeat, by placing their shields on their backs and turning round. These encounters are sometimes fatal to one or more of the combatants, as they frequently work themselves into a state of uncontrollable excitement and frenzy.

The King of Spain Opening the Cortes.

The recent Carlist movement in Spain has given an additional interest to the movements of the Government, and the occasion of the meeting of the Cortes, for the purpose of listening to the royal address, produced great excitement and enthusiasm. The scene depicted in our illustration is at the moment when King Amadeus, in his speech, made allusion to the Carlist troubles, whereupon the greater part of the Assembly arose and shouted, "Death to the Carlists."

Rome—A Quack Doctor Drawing Teeth.

Here we see quackery installed high above the heads of the gaping crowd. The throne is a carriage drawn by two horses, and shaded by a flaunting canopy of red and yellow, while beneath appears the writhing figure and agonized face of a patient from whom the doctor is drawing a tooth. Meanwhile a band of four musicians at the back is playing a solemn air. Let us examine the torturer. He is young, with black hair, somewhat Methodistical in arrangement, black beard and black coat, which he affects like the rest of his profession, and a conspicuous watch-chain. But, strangest of all, he has lost one arm. Lucky it was not the right! At length the tooth is out. He holds the little troublemaker aloft in triumph for an instant, and then dashes it to the ground. Somebody else gets up directly. But before operating, the doctor descants a while. He tinkles a bell, and the music stops. He has discovered a won-

drous herb in Africa, to which he points with a drawn sword, a specific for dropsy and deafness, half a franc the packet. By another from South America he cures bile and baldness—the same price. By analogy he argues that the cause of toothache is a worm, which pierces the tooth as maggots pierce apples, and he has fabricated a powder which, on application, draws out the maggot as effectually as ever pin did periwinkle, and the tooth is saved. (This is the renowned *Erba Calamita per la conservazione del dente*.) He applies the powder, and in a few seconds no less than three maggots are drawn from the cavity, not visible at our distance to the naked eye. The speech finished, he tinkles the bell again, and the music strikes up. Meanwhile an attendant displays to the awestruck gaze of the crowd a book of anatomical plates, in which the human form divine is represented in the most diabolical attitudes under the most revolting conditions.

General Schenck Reviewing the Boys at Christ's Hospital.

A few weeks ago General Schenck, the American Minister to England, visited Christ's Hospital for the first time, and Mr. Foster White, the Treasurer, with some of the governors, and the chief officers of the establishment, assembled in his honor, and accompanied him on his rounds. The boys, upward of seven hundred strong, were drawn up in martial array, and the excellence of their marching and the precision of their evolutions showed that they had been carefully drilled, while their brass band, which performed a number of Transatlantic airs in honor of their distinguished visitor, elicited considerable approbation.

Carrying the Victims of the Eruption of Mount Vesuvius into Naples.

The scene on Mount Vesuvius the day after the eruption is thus described by a correspondent of the *London Graphic*: "Family after family met us, either driving their furniture in carts or on donkeys, or carrying it on their heads. I have seen much ruin in time of war, but it seemed easily reparable compared with that spread by Vesuvius. Even nature gives no help against that. It is a deadly snow of ashes, which the sun cannot melt, nor wind disperse, nor rain dissolve. We walked through miles and miles of vineyards, all utterly laid waste. Vines hung withered, with their bunches just formed, fruit-trees with their fruit, grain in the ear. All the foliage of the mulberry-trees has perished; so that we saw the silkworms, with no chance of food, flung out in heaps on the ground to die, and already attacked by ants—a sickening sight. Birds, too, fluttered feebly in our path, as if courting capture. A melancholy scene met our gaze as we left the town on our way to Naples. It was a party of gendarmes and others carrying the dead bodies into Naples of those who had miserably perished in the lava-torrent, or been smothered by the falling ashes, or choked by the dense smoke the day before. They were to be exhibited in the Morgue for identification, and, if claimed by friends or relations, would be delivered to them to receive the last sad rite of Christian burial. If none appeared to claim, or if they failed to be identified, they were to be buried at the expense of the city."

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

MRS. D. P. BOWERS is starring in Ohio.

FRANZ ABT gets a salary of only \$1,200 at home.

AIWEE gave "Barbe Bleue," in Baltimore, May 29th.

MRS. BERNARD sang in "Esther," Pittsburgh, May 29th.

SOTHERN in "Dundreary," Albany, May 27th, 28th and 29th.

JOE JEFFERSON, as *Rip Van Winkle*, was at the Boston Theatre, May 24th.

MR. LAWRENCE BARRETT is about to fill an engagement in San Francisco.

THE Chicago fire has been dramatized and put on the stage at Berlin, Prussia.

THE famous pianist, Wehli, has been engaged to play at the Boston Jubilee.

THE Olympic Theatre, New York, has been leased by Colville and Hayes for five years.

CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN rendered "Queen Catherine" in Providence, R. I., last week.

MISS KELLOGG, the American prima donna, sings at Buckingham Palace on the 20th of June.

MRS. JOHN WOOD played *Lady Gay* in "London Assurance," in Philadelphia, May 27th.

FANNY DAVENPORT played "Frou-Frou" in Philadelphia, May 29th, for her mamma's benefit.

SANTLEY is expected here next Fall, with one of the two Italian companies that are coming.

THERE are rumors that Mr. Edwin Booth has received flattering offers from London managers.

ONE hundred Boston firemen have been detailed for the "anvil chorus" of the International Jubilee.

LOTTA has closed her "Firefly" engagement in Sacramento, Cal., and goes to Europe for fifteen months.

ROSE HERSÉE and MRS. JOHN WOOD have been engaged by Mr. Daly for the Grand Opera House next season.

THE Summer season of English Opera began at Bryant's Opera House, June 3d, with Balfe's "Bohemian Girl."

PAULINE MARKHAM, in the "Willow Copse," at Wood's Museum.

MISS CLARA LOUISE KELLOGG appeared in "Lucia de Lammermoor," at the Drury Lane, London, May 23d, and created a great *furor*.

THE Eintracht Society of Newark, N. J., gave Franz Abt a rousing reception on the 27th ult. and sang many of his fine compositions.

CIRCUS companies are reaping an immense harvest throughout the country. The season has not opened so prosperously in many years.

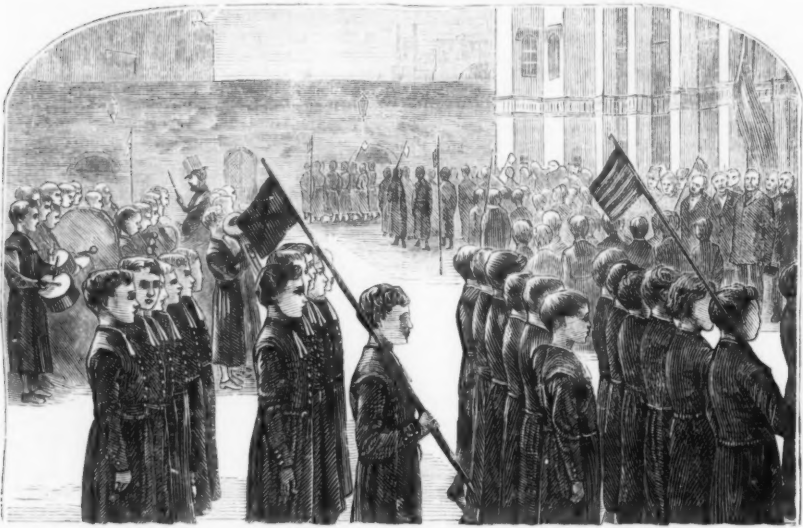
THE imperial army band of Berlin, by consent of the Emperor, will sail shortly for America, to take part in the World's Peace Jubilee at Boston.

MR. GILMORE, while in New York, had a very pleasant interview with Franz Abt, who took a deep interest in all that was told him in regard to the Jubilee, and was especially gratified to learn that Madame Leutner had been engaged. He also expressed his gratitude to Mr. Gilmore for giving his well-known song, "When the swallows homeward fly," a place upon the programme, and consented to conduct its performance. He named two or three of his other compositions which might also be arranged for a massed chorus, if it was desirable.

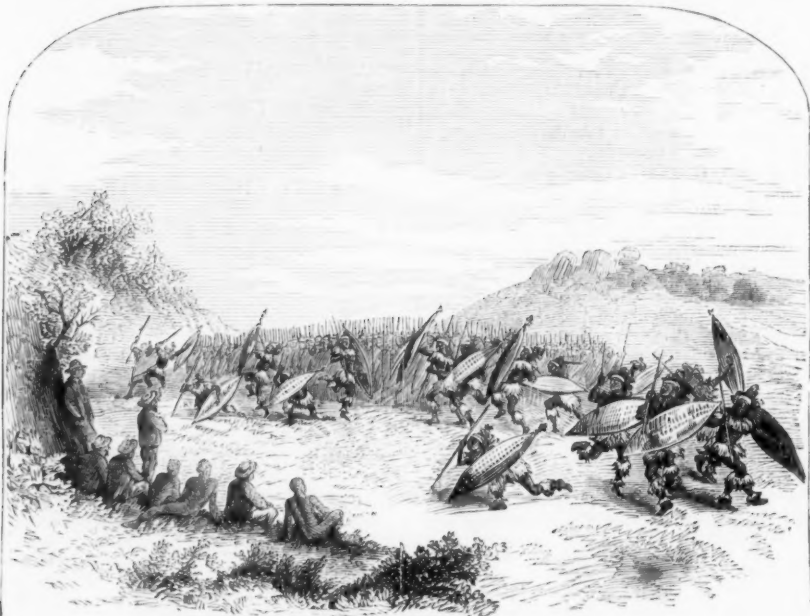
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—SEE PRECEDING PAGE.



ENGLAND.—BOOKING FOR AN EXCURSION-TRAIN IN HOLIDAY TIME.



ENGLAND.—GENERAL SCHENCK REVIEWING THE BLUE-COAT BOYS AT CHRIST'S HOSPITAL.



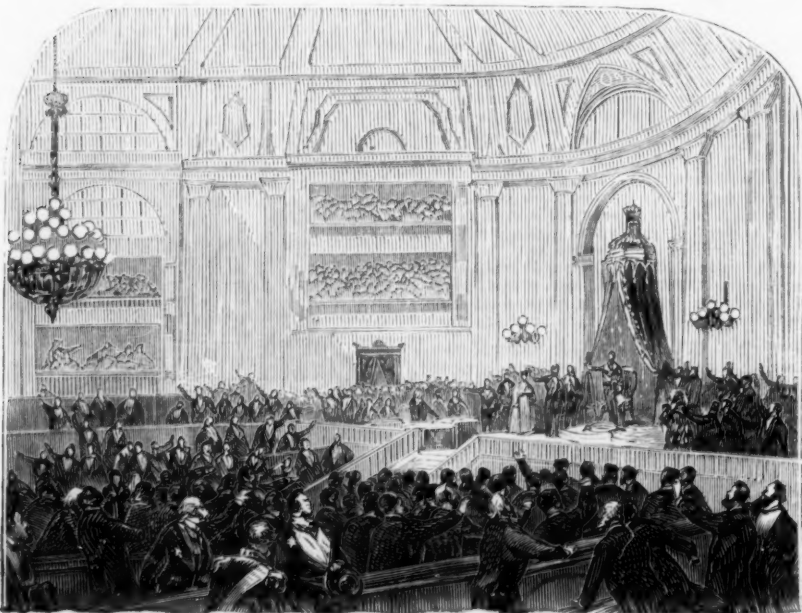
AFRICA.—WAR-DANCE OF ONE OF THE SOUTH AFRICAN TRIBES.



ITALY.—THE QUACK DOCTOR—A SCENE IN ROME.



ENGLAND.—CABMEN'S MEETING IN CAMBRIDGE HALL, LONDON.



SPAIN.—KING AMADJUS OPENING THE CORTES.



ITALY.—REMOVING THE VICTIMS OF THE ERUPTION TO NAPLES.



NEW YORK.—ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION OF THE BROOKLYN SUNDAY-SCHOOLS AT PROSPECT PARK, MAY 20TH, 1872.—SEE PAGE 210.

THE SONG SHE SANG.

SHE sang it, sitting on a stile,
One evening of a Summer's day;
Beside her, at her feet, the while,
Half-hid in grass and flowers, I lay.

So calm and clear her soft voice rang,
In unison with one dear bird,
That near her, on a tree-top, sang,
At times 'twas doubtful which I heard.

And, lying there among the flowers,
I listened like to one who hears,
In murmurings of the passing hours
The mightier music of the years.

I listened, and the swelling notes,
Borne far on dewy breezes bland,
Seemed taken up by seraph throats,
And chorused by a heavenly band.

Now she is gone; yet that sweet strain,
Still gathering charms unknown before,
Will make a music in the brain,
And haunt my heart for evermore.

THE SISTER'S SECRET.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

CHAPTER XXI.

A WEEK slipped by. To tell you of those hours would be to repeat to you but a tedious story of tears and hopelessness. No letter had reached me from Lorton. Agonizing had been my suspense, torturing the dreary watchings I held for the postman. Each knock he gave at our door checked the beating of my heart and kept me breathless. But no letter came for me.

A week! A short time in joy; an eternity in expectation. At length a letter was placed in my hands. On the envelope was printed, "On H.M.'s Service." I opened it. It contained a letter addressed in my handwriting. I recognized it as the letter posted to my aunt. Across the envelope the words "Not known" were scored in a great red scrawl. But in the corner was another word which forced me half-fainting into a chair. That word was "Dead," and to it were subscribed initials which I remembered as the Lorton postmaster's—a grocer, who knew Aunt Emma well.

So then Aunt Emma was dead! And this was the end of my dream of returning to Ivy Lodge! Dead! Could I not have anticipated it? Had I not learnt by this time that Fate seldom offers a human soul a bitter draught without constantly replenishing the cup by drops?

Was there anything left for me to hope now? I believed not. My eyes, from which all tears had now been exhausted, looked around upon an utterly barren waste, a dreary ocean of sand, over which lowered the murkiest sky. Yes. Even the sky was blotted out from my view. I could see no blue above, no green beneath. Even the solace of the utterly miserable, the grave, was denied me. I dared not wish to die, for I had my child to work for.

My babe! my poor blind babe! Did no angel weep for thee, my helpless one? If there was no pity for me, was there no compassion for thee in heaven, poor stricken form? In the palm of this hand, which trembles as I write, I still feel the contact of thy thin little fist. Upon my cold breast thou nest in imagination, finding no warmth. Thy sightless eyes start from the darkness upon me, and vanish beneath the blinding tears which veil them from my eager, agonizing gaze!

I counted my money feverishly. I was still rich; but every day was leaving me poorer. A future of want, gaunt, hideous, horrible, was approaching. I must make some provision for this coming period. I must look about me for work. Meanwhile I must economize what I had; break every shilling of it as the last.

The necessity of getting rid of my nurse now grew obvious. I had to feed her, lodge her, pay her. Her food, her pay were wanted by me, who envied her for her chances of life. When she was gone I could dispense with her lodging, and this would diminish the charges of the landlady. I explained my position to her; she fully comprehended it. She dearly loved my baby, she said; but she was poor; she had an aged mother to support, who depended for her life on the regular remittance of a portion or the whole of her wages. But for this she would remain with me and work for nothing. I thanked the faithful creature, and when she had left me, felt I had parted with the last friend I had on earth.

I was not an incapable mother. Had I been I could have found an apology for my incapacity in the luxurious life I had led at Chester House. But my experience with poor Kate's child had made me a proficient in nursery work. The departure of my nurse, therefore, did not leave me helpless. But I remembered that when I took baby to sleep with me in my bed for the first night a sense of its complete dependence filled me with fear. Not until now had it occurred to me that the care of my child would prohibit me from accepting any employment that would take me from home.

When my nurse had gone I called my landlady and told her that I should not require three rooms. I felt that I ought to have surrendered the sitting-room, and to have contented myself with a bedroom; but my pride would not suffer me to make too many concessions at once. As my wants decreased my landlady's character came out.

"I can only make a deduction of two shillings a week for the bedroom," she said. "It always let along with the sitting-room, and I shall be a dead loser by it."

The saving was small. It was hardly appreciable amidst my other expenses. The extreme delicacy of my child had necessitated my feeding it on the very choicest food. At Chester

House I had never taken note of the expenses; but as I counted my money I perceived what a terrible item baby's wants made for me in my weekly "accounts." Economize as I would, the money slipped through my fingers like tightly grasped sand.

Thus circumstanced, my fortune of one hundred pounds soon dwindled into a very small sum. The raw month of November had passed; December had come, and with it piercing blasts and heavy snows. The occupation of two rooms forced me to keep up two fires. At the rate I was charged for coals, I calculated that I consumed the value of a ton in a fortnight. The landlady's exorbitant charges made me resolve to leave her, but still I lingered. If I left, where should I go? I could not make up my mind to pass from the dirty Borough to some still dirtier quarter, and I was made to understand, even from my already short experience, that cheapness and dirt in London were synonymous terms.

It was imperative that I should forego the sitting-room. I spoke to my landlady. I asked her if she would let me have my bedroom without the adjoining apartment. She eyed me some time before she answered.

"You're all for bargaining, ma'am," she said, impudently. "Stitch changing about and cheapening in a respectable house I never heard on before. I can't let you have the bedroom without the sitting-room, but there's a room upstairs you may have if you like."

"How much will you charge for it?" I inquired, too miserable for resentment.

"You may have it for four shillins a week," she replied. "But I must charge you sixpence a week for attendance if you want to be waited on. It isn't likely that I can send any girl up three flights of stairs a dozen times a day without making it hextray."

"Very well," I said, "I will take it."

This room, with another little dark room like a coal-hole, where the servant slept, constituted the garret. To this garret I removed. It was a most sparsely-furnished chamber; somewhat different from my room at Chester House, with its thick carpets, and the fine oak furniture which had provoked Mrs. and Miss Burgoyne's admiration. A dirty piece of matting thrown alongside the equally dirty japanned bedstead was all the protection afforded to my feet against the bare boards. The window was in the roof, darkened by a long accumulation of soot. As I glanced through it at the sombre sky I seemed to be looking through smoked glass.

I now bethought me how I should act to procure a living. Suggestions plentifully occurred, but they were all dismissed, for they all implied my absenting myself from my child during the day. Even had I had a tender-hearted landlady to deal with, I would not have intrusted my child to her care. Her extreme delicacy made her irritable; only the mother's eye could watch her, only the mother's caresses soothe her, only the mother's patience bear with her. She was now of the age, too, when she needed all the utmost attention that a loving and faithful vigilance could bestow. I would starve with her, but would not leave her. We might die together, but in death I should still be at her side.

The only employment that I could think of which would not take me away from home was needlework. For this I was by no means well fitted; for though I could use my needle as well as any young lady, yet I feared that when I came to handle it for the purposes of existence my incompetency would soon grow apparent. The only employment I could hope to have undertaken with any promise of success was that of governess. But that position was denied me by my child.

My funds had now sunk to a very low ebb. My devotion to baby had allowed me to deny her not ing which I fancied she wanted. I felt how her debilitated frame needed fortifying against the rigors of the Winter, of which the bitterest months had yet to come, and had already learnt to starve myself that she might live well and plentifully. Thus I may account for my apparent extravagance in having nearly spent so large a sum of money in so short a time; but by a thousand other imperceptible means did my money leave me.

Sitting on the edge of my bed one morning, with my eyes fixed on my child, who slumbered near the fire on the pillow which I had converted into a bed for it, I resolved to steal out and try my luck by soliciting work at some of the shops in the neighborhood. My eyes caught my reflection in the little blotched looking-glass facing me, and I shuddered at the strange expression of misery that gauntly overshadowed my thin features. I wondered whether such a face as that would tell against me in my solicitations. It will at least save me, I thought, the humiliation of having to speak of my distress.

I hesitated to leave my child alone. But it seemed sleeping peacefully.

"It will not be disturbed up here," I thought.

"I shall not be many minutes gone, for I shall not pass beyond the immediate neighborhood."

I tied on my bonnet, threw a warm shawl over my shoulders, and slipped from the house. There were no shops in Quaries Street, so I turned into the main road. Almost facing me was a haberdasher's. The windows were filled with articles of gentlemen's dress. I crossed the road and entered.

The shop inside was a small one. There was only one person behind the counter, a red-haired youth, who was busily engaged impressing upon the mind of a stupid-looking man the great excellence of a pair of gloves, which the customer was turning over and over in his hand. As I entered, the red-haired youth, looking across at me, requested me to be seated. Some minutes passed. The customer objected to the gloves; the red-haired youth assured him, with melodramatic gestures, that if he couldn't suit him no one could. Infinitely nervous, I felt tempted at times to walk away. I could see the youth throwing impatient

glances in my direction, as if he had expected me to prove a good customer, by my dress. At last the man, with much reluctance, took the gloves, paid for them, and went away.

The youth came over to me rapidly, apologizing for having detained me, and asking how he could serve me. Colorless as I knew myself to be, I felt myself taking a death-like complexion, as I rose and stammered that I had come to solicit some needlework. He gave a start of genuine surprise, then his light eyes bent suspiciously upon me.

"Needlework?" he exclaimed; "are you a needlewoman?"

"I am in great distress, and wish for some employment."

He fixed his eyes upon my shawl—a handsome plaid—with an air as much as to say, "Whilst you have that shawl on, I for one won't believe you to be in distress." Then drawing himself up loftily, he exclaimed:

"We don't give our work out to strangers; we employ our regular women."

Muttering my thanks, I left the shop. So much for my first experience. I dared not prolong my stay out of doors for fear of baby; and on looking at a clock I found I had already been detained twenty minutes.

On the same afternoon, when baby was again asleep, I started forth once more. I was determined to continue prosecuting these inquiries until I should prove successful. No difficulty shall daunt me, I said. London is large, and if I have to walk all over it, I shall still continue soliciting until I can procure work. As before, I deviated into the main thoroughfare. A high wind had risen and blew clouds of snow in draughts about the streets. The pavements grew sloppy; streams of water tumbled from the house-tops; people hurried by, bending beneath their umbrellas, eager for shelter.

I guessed that such weather as this would prove unpropitious to my project, but I persevered. There were plenty of shops in the street: dressmakers, haberdashers, shirtmakers, small clothing establishments. Manual labor had not yet been supplanted by machinery. The contest waged between the hand and the sewing-machine, between the needle and the steam-engine; but no decided inclination, such as we are in these days accustomed to, had been made manifest. I reflected that all these shops had to be filled by the labor of the hands. There are, doubtless, thousands, I thought, to which these shops give employment; why should I fail where so many have succeeded?

I entered a large corner shop, with windows exhibiting certainly a most "varied assortment of goods." The place was subdivided into different departments, superintended by a number of men and women. I approached one of several counters. A young gentleman, in a drab waistcoat, who was picking his teeth whilst loling Guppy-like against a pile of cloth bales, darted officiously forward on catching sight of me. Leaning toward him, I expressed my want in a low, trembling voice. Disappointed in his hope of a customer, the young man resumed his toothpick, eying me with profound sang-froid. Presently he deigned to say:

"You had better go and talk to the women; they know more of that sort of thing than me."

I crossed the shop. Some girls dressed in black occupied a counter in the further end. I walked toward them. They saw me coming, and imagining me to be a customer, dispersed, leaving one only to attend upon me.

"I have not come to buy anything," I said, with a sickly attempt at a smile, observing the attentive attitude she assumed. "I am poor and in very great distress, and have come here to inquire whether I can procure any needlework to do at home?"

She was a young girl, and as she looked into my wan, sad face, I fancied I noticed an expression of sympathy fill her eyes.

"I don't know," she answered, softly, "whether Mr. Rogers employs outsiders. Mother and sister both work for him. Mother has been in his service for years. I'll go and ask him to speak to you."

She went away. I stood at the counter with my eyes lowered, conscious of the steady gaze of the women, who were evidently puzzled to know what to think of me. I saw them draw nearer and nearer to each other, and then they began to whisper. Now and then a titter broke forth. A man crossed over and asked if I was being attended to. I replied in the affirmative. He handed me a chair, on which I sank, glad to rest my limbs, weary in their weakness.

The young girl returned. "If you'll step into the underclothing department," she said, "Mr. Rogers will speak to you. You'll see him in the money-taker's office—a high place, with railings."

I walked to the spot indicated, and was looking about me for Mr. Rogers, when a voice in the air exclaimed: "Will you step this way, please?"

Following the direction of the voice, I looked and saw a pale face with broad red whiskers staring at me through the railings of a high desk.

"And what may be your business?" he inquired, as I approached, clasping his thumbs in his waistcoat and looking down upon me with an indescribable air of importance. I stated the object of my visit. He shook his head.

"I don't trust outsiders. I want women of experience to work for me," he said. "Have you had any experience at needlework?"

"No," I answered. "But I can sew neatly, and am sure I can satisfy you."

"That's what all you women say," he said, loftily. "Why, I have dozens of you a day asking for employment. I wonder more of you don't emigrate. There's a much better chance for work—and husbands, too—in the colonies; so the newspapers say. You don't look as if you'd been used to hard work, either."

"I am willing to work hard to support myself and my child," I said.

"Oh, you've got a child, eh?" he exclaimed, eying me with a glance that flushed my face

to my eyebrows. "Well, you're more honest than the usual run, for they never talk of their babies, if they have any. I'm afraid I can't give you any employment here. As to needle-sewing, I've said that I can't and won't trust outsiders. It ain't likely that I'm going to ruin myself by being charitable; and if I was to give out work to all that demand it, I should soon have all my customers—and they're pretty numerous and first-class—about my ears, I can tell you."

I was moving slowly away, with difficulty subduing a choking sensation in my throat, which I feared might be a prelude to a faint, when I was arrested by his voice. He evidently wished to appear sympathetic.

"I might have offered you a place at the counter, if you hadn't told me you had a baby. Work ain't heavy, though the hours is long—eight till ten. But I can't take a woman with a baby. All my girls are single and honest."

I could stop to hear no more. I hurried away, passing through the long shop with bowed head, and went out into the bleak street and blinding snow. As I entered my lodging I heard the wailing of my baby. I ran hastily up-stairs, and found my darling awake. I knew by the moaning cadence of its voice that it had cried until it was almost exhausted; and bitterly I reproached myself for my cruelty in leaving it alone. And yet what was I to do? It was imperative that I should look for work—imperative that I should procure it, in spite of every disappointment, in spite of every insult. I dared not leave my child, and yet necessity forced me out of doors. I had thought myself incapable of shedding tears again; but when I took my babe in my arms the salt drops flowed afresh—so fiercely, so uncontrollably, that I thought my heart was breaking.

As the night approached I found that I had got a bad cold. My head seemed full to bursting—a painful cough tortured my throat, my limbs ached, as if they had been racked, and my voice failed me whilst striving to sing baby to sleep. A fearful night I passed! Earnestly I prayed that the morning would find neither of us alive. The remarks of the shopman had struck a deeper pang than I was at first capable of recognizing. I saw that wherever I should go now, necessity would force me to disown my baby, for the confession of its existence too plainly suggested to the vulgar mind a terrible and degrading doubt. And that doubt, properly investigated, was it not true? Had not Major Rivers's desertion made my innocent child the offspring of sin? Was she not illegitimate—born with no claims to a righteous parentage? Again and again, as these bitter thoughts swept across my mind, I feverishly kissed the little face that nestled close to my breast upon the pillow; and for ever, as I lifted my lips from the silent, serene brow, my heart went forth into an appeal for death.

I remained in my wretched bed on the whole of the following day. During this confinement to my room my meditations were productive of a project which seemed at least feasible. The servant who brought me my meagre dinner was new. She had not been above a week in the house. She had seemed a kindly-hearted girl, and seldom left the room without taking notice of baby. I told her that matters of business might take me from home, and asked her whether, in my absence, she would mind taking care of my child? "I shall simply require you," I said, "when you hear her cry, to come up-stairs and give her the bottle, which I will leave ready prepared in warm water." I told her that I would remunerate her for her trouble at the end of the week. She consented to do what I asked her, adding that she was fond of children, and that if she could snatch any leisure from other duties she would come and sit with her whilst I was away.

Having made this provision for what had seemed to me at first an insurmountable difficulty, I resolved, as soon as ever I could rid myself of my cold, to start once more on my rounds. The next day found me better, but very weak. Still I arose, and having left everything ready for the girl and announced my departure, went out.

I should only be going over the same ground again and again to detail to you the experiences I encountered for the whole of the following week. Shop after shop I entered and left. I excited the suspicion of some, the contempt of others. Undeterred by rudeness, by the vilest familiarity, by disdainful rejections, by actual dismissals ere my want was fully unfolded, I still pushed my inquiries, but with a growing hopelessness at my heart that promised in a very short time to force me to desist. At one place the proprietor gave me an audience. He heard my story, asked me questions as to my capability, then, giving me a piece of material large enough for a handkerchief, told me to take it home with me, and to return with it finished on the morning following. Believing that my toils were to be rewarded at last, that I had hit upon some one likely to give me employment, I sat working until an advanced hour in the night, throwing my whole energies into the work in my effort to render it satisfactory. At the hour named I presented myself at the shop and showed my completed handkerchief. The shopman took it up, held it out, examined it for a moment, then threw it from him.

"This won't do," he said. "If my work were to be done in this fashion, how long do you think I should take finding my way into the Bankruptcy Court? I consider that I've given you a fair trial. I usually pay sixpence a dozen for the making of pocket-handkerchiefs. Here's a shilling for you. You had better try your hand at something else than sewing."

I went into the street. It was a bright January day; the sunlight compensated its want of warmth by additional brightness. Its beams played upon handsome equipages, upon well-dressed ladies, upon laughing children, and me, the hopeless, the wretched, the abandoned. I grew suddenly faint. I had known no cold

for breakfast, for I was now miserably poor. My means were almost exhausted, and the little that yet remained I hugged desperately, for it was all that I had to pay for food and shelter for my child. My head swam; to prevent myself from falling I leaned against some iron railings. The people stared at me as they passed; some boys congregated about me, watching me. I felt that a crowd might shortly collect, but my limbs refused to move. Presently a policeman came up.

"Come," he said, "you must move on. D'ye want to get a crowd about you? The pavement mustn't be blocked up."

He touched my shoulder. The degrading contact infused a temporary vitality; I left my support, and crawled with difficulty homeward.

(To be continued.)

HORACE GREELEY AT HOME.

PLEASURES OF LIFE AT CHAPPAQUA—
THE JOURNALIST'S ELYSIUM.

AS we have before stated, Mr. Greeley spends but few hours in the week upon his farm; and then, he devotes himself more to physical exercise than to the improvement of his property. For two years past his family have been making the tour of Europe; and, with the exception of the gardener, there has been no one to keep the estate in proper order.

As a consequence, persons who have read the senseless stories published against Mr. Greeley's practical experience in agriculture, express great surprise, on visiting Chappaqua, at the condition of his place.

But in addition to the facts first stated, we must remember that, in the few intervals of leisure, Mr. Greeley succeeded in reclaiming a morass of twenty acres, and laying out on one portion a capital corn-field, and on the other an even and profitable clover-plot. Then, again, Mr. Greeley has constructed a stone barn, which is the most complete and comfortable structure of the kind in the country; has opened new avenues through his property; carried out a thorough system of drainage, and formed an orchard which, for a district particularly adapted to the cultivation of apples, is without a rival.

If Mr. Greeley were a man of less activity; if he were not so thoroughly identified with the questions that excite the interest of the entire country; if, in a word, he lived more for himself than those about him, his farm would no doubt be a model in its way.

But, while he has devoted his time to pointing out to the poor the surest method of making farming profitable, he has never allowed himself sufficient time to carry out his own remarkably clear theories.

His friends, therefore, will not be surprised to find him in the position indicated on our front page. He seldom ceases his work for any visitors who wait upon him at Chappaqua. If he is attending his forest or pruning his trees, he will most likely hand them an ax and bid them work, and then answer any questions they may put to him.

After giving illustrations of the two houses in which Mr. Greeley has resided for the past twenty-one years, we offer in contrast, the humble though commodious dwelling in which he was born, on February 3d, 1811.

The house was, at the time of his birth, almost new, and faced the old road extending from the Merrimac to the town of Amherst. N. H. The old homestead was on a tract of ground embracing forty acres, subsequently enlarged to fifty, and known to the old folks of that district as the "Stewart Farm." The family settled on the farm in the Spring of 1808.

This early residence partook of a number of the features already described in our articles in his present home. There was a stream of running water, with here and there a knoll of ground, while the ravines were covered with a healthy growth of grass.

It was here that Mr. Greeley was the constant companion of his mother, who was herself quite skillful in farming—working with her in the field by day, and listening to her words of counsel and instruction at night.

His first step as a farmer was taken at this place, where, as he says himself, his chief duty was to precede his father as he hoed his corn, dig open the hills, and kill the grubs that had already settled thereon.

We do not know that Mr. Greeley ever took pride in his ability as an acrobat, or whether he particularly favored exercise on the horse, but it is certain that during the days when he rode horse to plow, and when the instrument struck masked stones, he gave forcible exhibitions of his power to clear the horse's head, and fetch up with a hop, skip and jump that a schoolboy might envy.

His patience must have been sorely tried at this period, for he was obliged to be on the move at sunrise, with feet bared—often in the midst of frost and snow; for he speaks of the Summer of 1816, when, on the 8th of June, the ground was covered with snow.

There were horses to watch, the production of charcoal to guard, an innumerable quantity of stones to pick, and vast quantities of the fragrant hops to gather—each work, in its season, keeping the young man closely confined to the farm until sunset. His experience there made him an earnest, hard-working, methodical man, investing him with characteristics that are prominent to this day.

He speaks in boyish rapture of the stories told and adventures planned about the charcoal-pits, and one would suppose that, at the close of the day, he would have been apt to seek pleasure in the company of the rollicking youngsters of the village. But his mother, who was extremely well read, took the opportunity to store his mind with historical anecdotes and train his memory, which is now little short of being wonderful in its retentive power. Those

were indeed hard times for the young man; yet he was never heard to bemoan his lot. Always cheerful and contented, he was the pride of his mother, and, as in later years, the mainstay of his father.

Mr. Greeley's friends are always welcome to his farm, and should they accompany him to Chappaqua, he will lead them straight as an arrow to the beautiful and deliciously cool dell which contains his favorite spring of water. He will not ask even a stranger to lift an ax, guide a plow or pick a stone until he has treated him to a draught of this refreshing water. When thirst has been quenched, then look out for work.

After hours of chopping and pruning, a survey of his farm, a peep into his conservatory, a brief, friendly chat with the farmer and friends at the depot, Mr. Greeley starts for the city, there to plunge into all the excitements of a busy life.

WE'RE ALL FOR HORACE.

BY

GEORGE ALFRED TOWNSEND.

THIS honest Horace Greeley
With his old white coat and staff!
The politicians laugh in fear,
In joy the people laugh;
A laugh comes o'er the Paddy's face,
And o'er the Negro's mouth,
And first, since all these bloody years
Laughs, too, the wounded South!

With laughter like to Summer,
"Let us have peace" indeed,
And not the frosty soldier peace,
Whose word's a broken reed,
But with this grand old neighbor's rule,
And times of golden law,
Old hatreds shall be turned to loves,
And laughter to huzzas.

The camp-fires burn for Greeley,
But not on fields of arms;
They burn by thinking cotters' hearths,
And wink from prairie farms,
Where good old couples rub their palms,
And say: "Praise God 'tis so!
Since ruled so long by men who kill
To vote for one we know!"

Put by thy lamp, friend Horace!
Thy kindly, busy quill;
When we have made thee President
Thou shalt thou have thy will;
For thirty years of earnest work
Deserve a ruler's wish,
That "when he sees the country safe
He'd like to go and fish."

Ah! better had these captains,
Who laugh to their dismay,
Said half the wise things in their reign
Thou sayest every day!
And better had they fished like thee,
Or farmed as bad, dear sage,
Than fished for rich men's company,
And farmed out patinage!

Some wise men fear thy kindness,
Thy crochets seem distress;
Some fear thy sturdy temperance,
And some thy simple dress.
These only feel their private wish,
When they good Greeley scan,
But all the mighty people feel
An earnest fellow-man!

Stand up and shout, ye laughers!
The laughing sun comes out;
Together let the Northern Yank
And Southern Johnny shout;
For Brown and Greeley break the night,
And lead the era in.
They'll teach us how to laugh and farm,
We'll teach them how to win!

THE MILWAUKIE ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

THE Milwaukee Musical Society, which was organized in 1850, is, probably, the wealthiest institution of its kind in the United States; and, in giving to the citizens the fine Academy of Music, they testified, in a pleasing manner, to the popular support accorded them in years gone by. The building is situated on Milwaukee Street, between Michigan and Wisconsin, and covers an area of sixteen thousand square feet. It was erected in 1864 and rebuilt in 1872, of Milwaukee brick, relieved with white Illinois freestone. The Academy proper is located on the ground-floor, and will comfortably seat fifteen hundred people. It was opened in grand style on the 19th of April last, with the first presentation in that city of the opera of "Masaniello," by Aubert.

The opening afforded the citizens an opportunity of admiring the great finish of the interior of the Academy, and of complimenting the President of the Society, Henry M. Mendel, for the accomplished manner in which all the appointments of the house were perfected.

Of all the liberal decorations, the magnificent crystal chandelier, depending from the centre of the ceiling, attracts the greatest attention. It is thirty feet in circumference, has eight tiers of cluster candle-lights and fifty thousand pieces of fine cut-glass drops. The effect of the dazzling brilliancy of the evening has rarely been equaled. The chandelier was designed and manufactured by the United States Reflector Co., of New York, which firm has heretofore borne an enviable reputation for the beauty and durability of their work. The citizens of Milwaukee are to be congratulated on this fine architectural addition to their city, no less than for the model hall of amusement so successfully opened by its favorite Musical Society.

DURING the absence of the Emperor of Brazil, his charming daughter, Donna Isabel, acted as Regent. She is said to have maintained her brief rule with ability, and was gallantly sustained by the politicians, young and old, of all parties.

PARENTAL SAGACITY OF A SWALLOW.

IN the early part of last Spring I had a visit from a brace of swallows, who commenced to build a nest under my balcony, in the fork of the bracket which supported it. The floor of the balcony being boarded, afforded complete shelter from the rain. As, however, the parlor-window was immediately under the nest, the fumes from the gas, when the window was opened, proved too noxious, and they abandoned the idea of using it, and forthwith removed to the adjoining bracket, where they finished a suitable nest, their mode of construction being the following: They carefully collected all the fibrous matters they could—horse-hair, wool, thread, etc.—and rolling these in the small pools made by the water-carts in the street, they then formed them into little balls, about a quarter of an inch in diameter. These they carried to the bracket under the balcony, and fixed them in the fork thereof. The nest, when completed, formed an inverted cone about six inches deep, leaving a space of a little over two inches from the under floor of the balcony on the south side, the north side being continued into the floor of the balcony.

All went well until the young birds were hatched, when some mischievous youngster discovered them, and, in an endeavor to obtain possession of the nest, broke the wall of it, when the three little inmates fell into the passage in front of the house, where my manservant discovered them; and, as he had been for many years in Spain, where these birds are protected with religious care, he put them on a napkin, and brought them to me. I immediately took them to the balcony, and placed them in a nest formed of French cotton, and protected, as well as I could, from the cold and possibility of wet, but leaving a space large enough for the parent birds to get to them. I then closed the window, pulled down the blind and gave directions that no person should enter the room, lest they might be disturbed. In a little time I had the satisfaction to see one of the parent birds return, and, after much fluttering about and cautious approaches, eventually bring them some food (insects).

In an hour after, I found the old birds busily engaged repairing the nest, using in this instance the material composing the abandoned nest, which they carefully broke up and carried in small pieces to the street, rolling the little pellets in the mud, and then fixing them to the wall of the injured nest. Notwithstanding all the diligence they used, they progressed but slowly, and, after four hours' work, the extent of repairs did not exceed three-quarters of an inch in height by two inches in length. The following morning the work was continued, and, as the little ones were still alive, and in much the same condition as I had left them, I concluded they were well looked after by the parent birds. I left bird-seed, oatmeal, and water on the balcony, but the old birds did not touch any. At evening the repairs had progressed so far as the gathering in of the lining and general trimming up of the jagged edges; but the reconstruction had advanced but little, the day having been very wet and stormy, so much so, that a considerable portion of the cotton was blown from my nest, and I had to move into a more sheltered spot.

The next day proved fine, and the new wall was raised more than an inch in height, whilst the length being so much greater as they approached the top, gave evidence of continued industry; the abandoned nest was also considerably reduced in size. Another day of hard labor reduced the gap, and the opening had a semicircular form, about one-third of the damage being repaired.

On the morning of the fourth day after the calamity, I paid an early visit to the little ones, the sun being bright and warm, whilst the air was perfectly calm. Approaching the blind cautiously, I peeped through, and discovered one of the old birds carefully pushing a little one to the edge of the balcony, where the other parent bird was fluttering and supporting himself by the bill, just on a level with the flooring. In a few minutes the operation was completed by the safe transfer of the youngster to his back; the other parent immediately joined; and by the time I got down to the hall-door, the youngster was safely lodged in the nest, with its mouth open, anxiously expecting its breakfast, which was quickly brought by one of the old birds, who made a rapid flight up and down the street, and secured a prize insect as a reward. The remaining little ones were transferred in the course of the day. But, on the following day, my servant brought one of them to me dead. I supposed it fell from the nest, as the wall was very low. The old birds continued to repair the nest until the aperture was reduced to a small semicircular opening through which a lady's hand might pass; and for a considerable time one of the old birds remained continually in the nest.

In about three weeks after the restoration of the nest, I observed, one morning, the old birds very busy about the nest; and having concealed myself from sight, I observed a parent bird take one of the young ones on his back, and fly a short distance off—not more than a yard—and return with his charge to the nest, the other parent bird being always in close attendance, and assisting in the interesting ceremony. In a few days more, I observed the parent bird take the young one on his back to the street, and let it fly of its own accord, but always accompanied by both parents, one being in front, and the other immediately under the youngster. In this way the little ones were exercised alternately, principally in the early morning, when the street was comparatively quiet. As the season advanced, the flights became longer, and both the little ones were taken out together, the noise occasioned by their delight and the instructions of the old birds being considerable. Eventually the

quartet proceeded on country excursions, sometimes not returning for a couple of days. Ultimately, I received a visit of longer duration from one of the old birds and the two youngsters. I began to fear an accident had occurred to the other parent. But in about three weeks, he joined the party again, and took them off. Before leaving, they completely closed up the entrance to the nest; and I fondly hope to receive a visit from my feathered tenants next Spring.

PERSONAL AND GENERAL.

MARSHAL SERRANO has formed a new Spanish Cabinet.

THE United States Government employs over 3,000 women.

PRÉVOST PARADOL, left among his literary remains a defense of suicide.

AMERICAN dentists are now to be found in all the large cities of Europe.

THE Hon. S. S. Cox, of New York, has been very ill with pneumonia.

GIPSY maidens have fallen to \$5 a head in Persia on account of the hard times.

THE first colored lawyer has just been admitted to practice in South Carolina.

THE Rothschilds are to hold a great family reunion next July in Frankfurt-on-the-Main.

THE venerable "Father Cleveland," of Boston, is recovering from his recent indisposition.

ESPARTERO is so old and decrepit that he is no longer able to write, and can only digest liquid food.

AN Indiana woman got nine glasses of lemonade for nothing at a circus, by pretending to faint.

TWO THOUSAND women or girls are employed in Birmingham, England, in the brass-founding trade.

THE Prussian Minister of War has issued a decree for the organization of a military corps of aeronauts.

LEWIS W. CLARK, of Manchester, has been appointed and confirmed Attorney-General of New Hampshire.

A RECEPTION was accorded recently by King Amadeus to General Sickles, United States Minister, on his arrival at Madrid.

MR. GEORGE H. PENDLETON has written a letter to a member of Congress recommending Mr. Greeley's nomination at Baltimore.

A HINDOOSTANE humorist named Sahib Davee Carson Ka Pucka Tumasha is advertised for a course of comic lectures in London.

MR. TENNYSON is said to be very much affected in health by the death of his friend and the godfather of his children, Prof. Maurice.

LIEUTENANT W. H. BROWNSON, U.S.N., has been presented by the merchants of Mazatlan, Mexico, with a handsome and costly silver service.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S annual Summer garden parties have commenced at Buckingham Palace, upon a much grander and more extensive scale than heretofore.

THE Government of Sweden offers a prize for the best essay on the means of preventing the emigration of the rural and laboring classes from that country.

MRS. ABIE SAGE RICHARDSON will probably accept the position of Professor of Elocution in the Normal School of Cook County, Ill., which has been offered to her.

MR. SIMON LANG, the last of the Gretna-Green blacksmiths, died on April 23d, and runaway couples no longer find anything to remind them of old Lang's sign.

THE United States Agricultural Society has organized by the election of William G. Beckwith, of Michigan, for President, with a Vice-President from each State.

DURING the late eruption of Mount Vesuvius, Prof. Palmieri remained continuously in the observatory on the mountain, watching and recording the various movements.

THERE is to be an academy opened in Quincy, Mass., next September, which was endowed with a gift of land by old John Adams in 1822, only four years before his death.

EARL GRANVILLE has directed a selection of works—148 volumes—published by the Foreign Office, to be presented to the Chicago New Library on behalf of the Government.

THE site on which the building of the Vienna Exhibition of 1873 will be erected is six times larger than that on which the exhibition palace in Paris was constructed in 1867.

THE house which Davy Crockett built, and in which he lived many years, is still standing, five miles northeast of Rutherford Station, in the northern part of Gibson County, Tenn.

THEIR Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess Royal of Italy have arrived at Berlin, for the purpose of assisting at the christening of the daughter of the Princess Imperial.

A PROMINENT Democrat of Wisconsin, now in Washington, reports that, in his opinion, the Democratic Party in that State will certainly be in favor of Mr. Greeley's nomination at Baltimore.

THE oldest postmaster in the United States is John Seiberling, of Lynville, Leigh County, Pa., who has held his office continuously since February 2d, 1820—fifty-two years and a quarter.

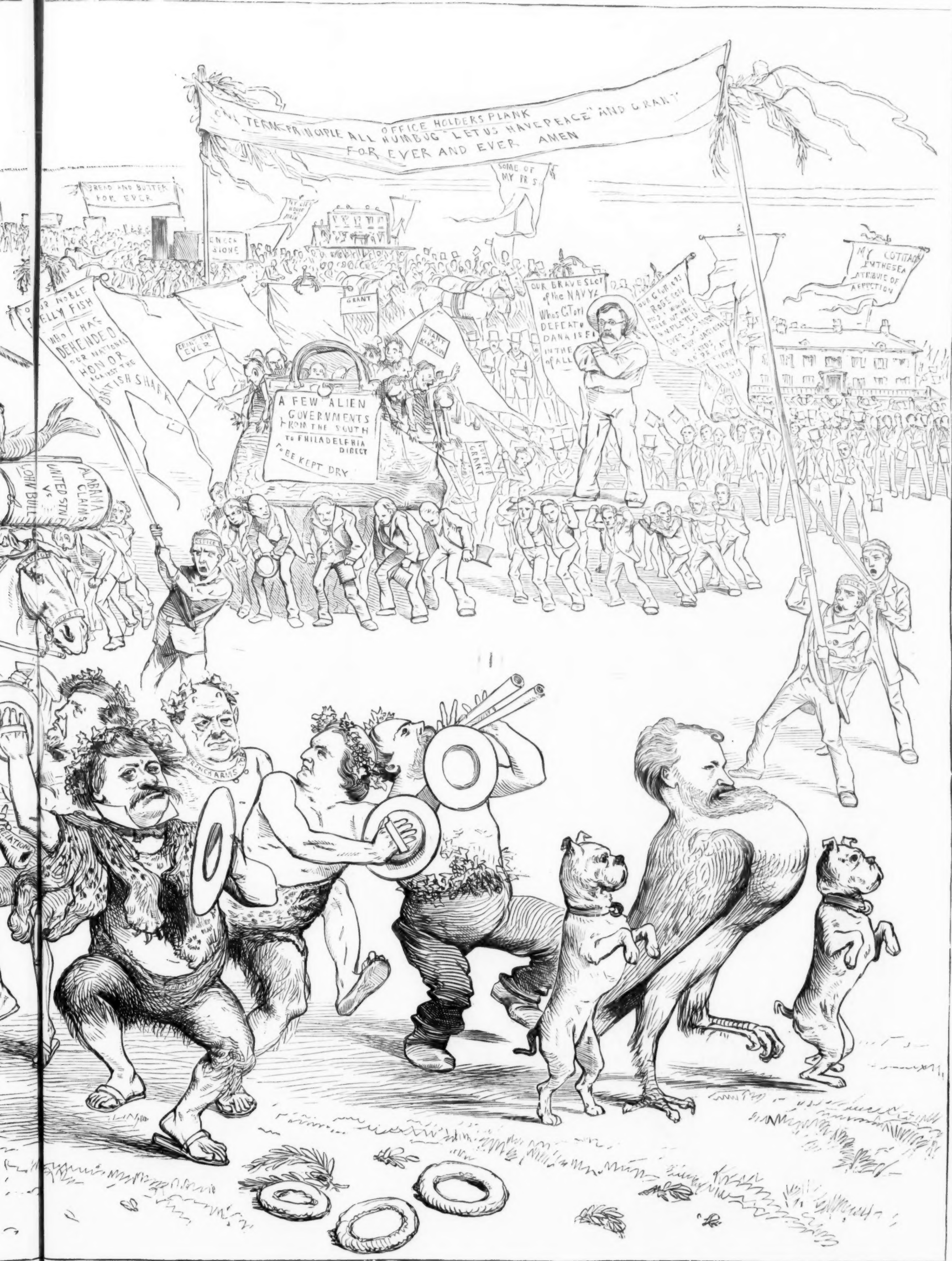
THE "King of the Greeks," a very noted gambler, recently died in Paris. He was celebrated for his dexterity, suavity and accomplishments, being master of all the European languages.

THE mortal remains of Mazzini, after the pretended burial at Genoa, have been intrusted to Professor Gorini, who has undertaken the complete petrification of them within eight months.

LORD NORTHBROOK, the new Viceroy of India, has relegated to the obscurity of private life Mr. Cowan, the energetic deputy who ordered the blowing from cannon of the malicious Kookas.

DR. R. J. DODD, of the United States Navy, has given \$4,000 to the Woman's Medical College of Pennsylvania for the establishment of the Hannah Matilda Dodd Scholarship, in memory of his wife.

QUEEN VICTORIA has caused an immense amount of scandal in England by her laxity of Sabbath observance of late; not only has she had a grand state banquet at Windsor on Sunday, but in her recent visit to Germany she started on Sunday, traveled every Sunday, and arrived at Portsmouth on a Sunday afternoon. How fortunate that no accident occurred during one of these Sunday trips!



PHILADELPHIA;
OR,
BRAD AND BUTTER BRIGADE.

A SPRING CHORUS.

THE secret of the world is told!
The pie is chattering by the wall:
Through lichened beech-boughs mossed in mold,
From bosc to bosc the wood-doves call.
The linnet, green where all is green,
Threads with the song the linking leaves—
The orange bullfinch pipes between:
The swallow twits it in the eaves.
The sparrow chirps it with the morn,
The thrush at eve repeats the tale,
At noon the cuckoo on the thorn,
And all night long the nightingale,

The secret of the world is told!
Day, in a flood of beauty drowned,
On one surpassing wave has rolled
To earth her freight of living sound.
The hyacinth with mysterious hum,
With honeyed bag and laden thigh,
Home with the gracious truth is come:
The chaffin whirrs it, booming by.

The secret of the world is told!
The redstart sings it in the vine:
Faint sounds across the long blue world,
The lowing of the answering kine.
Quivering with song and lapped in light,
From nest amid the sprouting rye
Cleaving a sunbeam broad and
The skylark trills it to the sky.

The secret of the world is told!
The universal love proclaimed!
The young lamb bleats it in the fold:
By every voice One name is named.
The herd boy, blithe he knows not why,
But singing as the rest must sing,
Hymns, as the rook goes cawing by,
The eternal chorus of the Spring.

The sparrow chirps it with the morn,
The thrush at eve repeats the tale,
At noon the cuckoo on the thorn,
And all night long the nightingale.

MY GUARDIAN'S SON.

BY
FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

CHAPTER XIX.

I HURRIED into my dressing-room and locked the door behind me; I think rather animated by a desire to escape for a little the presence of my tormentors, than from any distinct purpose there was in my mind.

I crouched down in a chair and covered my face with my hands, but presently the sound of Richard Phelps's voice, in conversation with his mother, roused me again.

I started up; once more I realized that there was no way of escape—out of my power to save Roland, except by the sacrifice which Richard demanded. The fever burned in my veins anew; the mad feeling of haste came over me; I could not move half fast enough to do the work that lay before me.

I searched in the closets, and found a rich white silk dress; I clasped pearls on my neck and wrists, and fastened a lace veil in my hair. I could not have told why I did it all—it was just the fever working in my veins, giving me an insane idea that I could make them afraid by my appearance.

When I was dressed, I went back to the sitting room; Mrs. Phelps and Richard were still there. At sight of me they both started; it was no wonder; I looked like a corpse arrayed in that festal attire—only the wild, mad eyes had any signs of life.

"Now look at me," I said.
"That is better, much better," Richard answered, recovering his composure, and eager to torture me further. "You will make a bonny bride, after all."

He came forward, holding out his hand; he made an effort to take mine; I struck at him fiercely, and he laughed aloud again. Oh, I think if I were to live for ever, I could not forget the sound of that laugh.

Before I could speak, the door opened quickly, and Ruth Byerson rushed in, exclaiming:

"What does it all mean? Is everybody in the house crazy? Where are you, Miss Elly?" She caught sight of me at the instant, and staggered against the door, staring at me in silent dismay.

"So you are back, Ruth Byerson?" Richard said, coolly. "You didn't make a long stay." She looked at him, tried to speak, but the words died in a hoarse murmur, and her eyes wandered toward me again, dimmed and blurred with wonder and pain.

"Don't you know Miss Vaughn in her wedding-dress?" demanded Richard.

Ruth put her hands to her head like a person stunned by a sudden blow, and Richard laughed.

"You are just in time for the ceremony, Ruth Byerson," he continued.

"The ceremony?" she repeated, in a vacant way.

"Yes," he answered; "she will be my wife in an hour—no, let us be exact; he pulled out his watch and consulted it; "in exactly forty-seven minutes we shall be married."

"Married!" groaned Ruth.

"What an echo you have turned into!" said he, jeeringly. "How lucky you came back; it would have been a thousand pities if you had missed seeing your favorite at this most interesting crisis of her life."

The old woman uttered a cry full of anguish and wrath, ran toward me, and clasped me tightly in her arms, exclaiming:

"Are you mad? Oh, Eleanor, Eleanor!"

I pushed her coldly away.

"It is true," I said; "it is all true! They will tell you. I don't know what their story is."

"Simple enough," added Richard; "I can tell it in a very few words. Aunt Ruth, your little plot is all discovered! Eleanor marries me, and your precious boy goes back to Europe in safety; only tell him from me to be quick about it."

"You devil!" she shrieked, shaking her clinched hands at him in impotent wrath. "You false, treacherous devil! Oh, I understand everything now."

"So much the better," he replied: "it saves the trouble of further explanation, and explanations are always a bore, you know."

Mrs. Phelps had moved to the further window when Ruth entered, and stood there looking out, paying no attention to what went on between us.

"You've conquered!" groaned Ruth. "You've bought her hand with his life."

"That's about it, Ruth," said he.

"Oh, you fiend, you devil! I suspected that something was wrong; it brought me back—"

"Just in time to witness the ceremony, as I said," he interrupted.

Ruth Byerson rushed to the window and caught her mistress's arm in a fierce grasp.

"Stop this!" she cried. "As you hope for mercy hereafter, stop this wicked work!"

Mrs. Phelps did not speak; she kept her face averted, and tried to free herself from the old woman's hold, but Ruth clung to her.

"You know what a bad man he is," she went on; "nobody knows it better! Oh, I believe there is more on his soul than ever I dreamed! Don't let him have that innocent girl! Her mother loved you—on her death-bed you promised to help this child if it was ever in your power—I heard you—don't perjure your soul! Adelaide Phelps, stop this marriage!"

The unhappy mother shrunk down in the window-seat, moaning faintly:

"I can do nothing—nothing!"

"You can," pursued Ruth. "You know he dare not go on if you bid him not."

But Mrs. Phelps only hid her face in her hands and moaned afresh:

"Nothing—I can do nothing!"

"Mrs. Byerson," said Richard, "be good enough to stop this extraordinary performance, or leave the house."

"I will speak!" she cried. "You cannot stop me."

"Upon my word," he said, "I believe you are nearly as mad as Eleanor herself."

"Let me alone," shrieked Ruth. "You've gone far enough. I'll tell the truth—"

"And tie the halter about your boy's neck, my dear creature," he interrupted.

She dropped into a chair without a word, and sat staring helplessly around.

"Suppose you do go down-stairs and set out a little cake and wine," pursued Richard; "some sort of entertainment will only be decent respect to the clergyman."

She rose obediently, with a look of impotent fury and utter despair.

"If it was poison," she hissed, "I'd mix it gladly."

Richard laughed, and pushed her gayly out of the room, saying:

"Don't make such a modern Lady Macbeth of yourself, you foolish old woman."

She muttered back fresh words of vain menace, and went away.

"Shall I give you my arm down-stairs, Eleanor?" inquired Richard, in the most unconcerned voice, turning toward me with a pleasant smile.

"Let me alone!" I cried. "Go away. I shall stay here till I am wanted."

Richard went up to the window where his mother still sat, and said something to her in a low tone. She rose in silence, and they both left the room.

I stood there in the same blind, stony manner when Ruth Byerson came back again. I could not have told if seconds or hours had elapsed.

"Oh, Miss Elly, Miss Elly!" she cried, throwing her arms about me and straining me to her as if to preserve me from the evil destiny which had overtaken me. "You are going to marry him to save Roland. Oh, my poor boy!"

"To save him, Ruth," I answered, like one half awake. "Remember that—to save him."

"And there's no other way?"

"None. That man followed me—saw Roland—but I can save him; I can save him!"

"I knew there was something wrong," returned Ruth; "that sent me back."

"You went to town—"

"Yes; this is the way it was: I meant to go this morning, you know, but yesterday afternoon, very late, Mrs. Phelps comes to me and says, 'Ruth, I wish you would start for the city right away. Here's a letter of great importance for my lawyer. I don't want Richard to know of it. I can trust you,' says she."

She paused; I motioned her to continue.

"I said I must bid you good-by, but she put me off, and hurried me away. I had just time to catch the train, and the man drove so fast—but no matter. I got to New York, and went straight to her lawyer's. I saw him read the letter and fling it down among his waste papers; then I knew it was all a sham. I had been sent out of the way to serve some of their ends."

"They wanted to leave me without a single friend."

"That was it. They must have known Roland was about. They've listened and heard us talk. Oh, Miss Elly, Miss Elly!"

"Don't, Ruth," I said. I could not bear to hear her sobs of distress; they roused me from that trance-like apathy which locked my faculties and dulled my acute pain.

"I won't—let me tell you," she answered.

"I started back; there was an accident, and I was detained till after daylight. I left the cars at the lower station, and went right over to Sykes's to find Roland and tell him. He made me come straight home, afraid that something had happened to you. Oh, what will he do when he finds out!"

"Ruth," I cried, in sudden horror, "he will come to the falls to meet me. That man is capable of deceiving me—of having him seized—go warn him!"

Sue recovered her presence of mind and

her strength as soon as there was a possibility of action.

"I'll go," she cried; "I'll go."

"Take care they don't see you."

"They couldn't stop me if they tied me hand and foot," she cried. "I'll save him—my boy, my boy!"

"Hurry, Ruth—come back—don't leave me alone!"

"My heart will break," she groaned. "Oh, my darling, my poor girl! It shan't be—you mustn't do it."

"For Roland, Ruth—remember that!"

"It'll drive him crazy. He'd better be killed outright."

"He must not know it," I said. "You must tell him to start for New York at once—that his presence here is suspected. Say I dare not come. Go with him, Ruth! Don't come back. See him safe on the vessel before you return."

"And leave you?"

"You could do no good. I shall be his wife!"

The dreadful words smote me like a blow. I tottered, and should have fallen if Ruth had not caught me. I must have nearly fainted; when I could see or think again, Ruth was bathing my forehead and weeping softly over me. I recollected what must be done and the need of haste.

"Go," I said; "don't wait. Make him start, Ruth. Don't let him suspect the truth. Tell him only that I dared not come."

"I'll do it—I'll save him! O God, help us all!"

She rushed from the room without another word. I went to the window and stood there. It was not long before I saw Ruth pass across the lawn and disappear among the shrubberies.

Those were strange moments that followed. It has always seemed to me that I could realize the feelings a man must have just going forth to a violent death—no, that does not express it: it was like the sensation of a person in a trance, unable to stir limb or muscle, lying there in his grave-clothes, and watching the preparations for his own burial carried on.

Suddenly the stillness was broken by the murmur of voices in the hall. I recognized the tones as those of that cruel woman and her son. Some instinct—I cannot call it reason—made me creep to the door and listen.

"They will come to-night," Richard Phelps was saying, in a low, cautious voice, which at another time I could not have caught; but in the unnatural state of my senses it was distinctly audible.

"To-night?" his mother repeated.

"Yes. Now don't go making objections, after giving your consent."

"Oh, Richard!"

"You might as well have consented years ago," he went on, "and so allowed us both to have a little peace of our lives."

"It is dreadful, Richard—dreadful!"

"Nonsense! They are very kind in their treatment—"

"And secret?" she interrupted.

"As the grave."

"But to find herself in such a place—"

"Bah! Will it be any worse than that she is in? At least, she will have society there," and once more that low, cruel laugh tortured my ear.

"Stop, Richard—don't!" his mother pleaded.

"Bless me!—we have tragedy enough with Miss Eleanor—let me laugh."

"Oh! Richard, I am afraid—afraid!"

"I thought you were stronger, mother! Don't get afraid, now that the danger is about over."

"If Eleanor should discover anything?"

"As things are, she might easily enough; but as I have arranged matters, she may enter the tower in a few hours as often as she pleases."

"But if there should be a noise in getting her away?"

"A little chloroform will settle that! Don't make any more objections; my mind is made up. I mean to have my own way now. I have listened to you long enough; and it is only by good luck that Eleanor did not the other day make a discovery which would have ruined us utterly."

"Oh! that girl!—how I hate her!"

"Hate her as much as you please, I shall have her money. For a while I think I shall love her; the creature has bewitched me—she's like a beautiful she-panther."

"Have your own way, Richard—I am helpless."

"Now, for mercy's sake, don't talk like that."

"How else should I talk, Richard?"

"Oh, these women! After bearing up like a Trojan all these years, your courage fails just as we crush the danger completely."

"I cannot forget. Heaven help me! I have been silent; but do you think I have suffered the less? Do you suppose there has been a moment, night or day, that this dreadful secret left my mind?"

"But you can forget now, mother. It's all over; put it aside like a bad dream."

"I can't; I am too old—too much broken."

"We'll go off to Europe at once; I don't ever want to see this accursed place again."

"Ay," she groaned; "but can we leave our ghosts behind?"

"Now, see here," he muttered, fiercely, "I'll have no more of this! If you choose to make yourself miserable over nothing, I can't help it; but you must let me alone."

"Do I deserve this, Richard?" she asked sadly.

"Well, you bring it on yourself! Let me alone; I want a little cheerfulness, and I mean to have it. Now, be a sensible woman."

Mrs. Phelps did not answer; they passed on through the gallery; all was still again. I sank down on the floor, and held my head between my hands, trying to recall my powers of thought—to know what to do.

Presently there was a knock, and Mrs. Phelps called:

"Eleanor, open the door; the clergyman has come."

"Give me a few moments," I pleaded.

"You must not be long," she returned.

"I will not."

"You had better let me come in and help you."

"I am ready; only let me alone. I will come down into the breakfast-room."

"Shall I send you a glass of wine?" she asked.

"Nothing—I don't want anything! Just a few minutes more to myself—that is all I ask."

She went away. I heard her speak to Richard, then I heard them descend the stairs.

I had a brief space left for thought and action. The sort of paralysis which had oppressed body and mind all the morning gave way in the last desperate hope suddenly knidled in my soul.

If I could get into the tower! Some person was confined there—a woman! If I could only gain access to her, the means of release for myself, of safety for Roland, would be in my power.

I started to my feet. I was strong now—afraid of nothing. If Mrs. Phelps and Richard had stood in the way, they could not have stopped me—I think a legion of soldiers, a sea, a world of fire, could not have stopped me then!

I ran out into the corridor, hurried along to Mrs. Phelps's rooms, and entered. There was nobody there. I rushed into her bedroom—searched frantically in bureau-drawers, flinging the things in wild confusion on the floor in my frantic haste; but the object of my search was not there.

By the bed was a little table; a heavy carved box was on it. I picked it up; the lid fitted as closely as if the casket had been solid; there was no trace of lock or spring. I looked about for some sharp instrument with which to pry it open; there was nothing; but as I turned the box about, something rattled inside.

I ran to the fireplace; dashed the casket with all my force down upon the marble hearth; it resisted even that blow. I threw it down again and again. The third time it struck against a corner of the steel fence; the lid flew open; the bunch of keys rolled out on the hearth, and among them the skeleton-key which Mrs. Phelps had snatched from me the day she found me in the tower.

I seized them all and darted away. Once in the gallery, I remembered that I could not get down-stairs and through the tower unperceived.

I did not wait to be troubled; I hurried along the hall to the dark passage, and reached the garret-stairs.

The day Richard discovered me in the attic he dropped a key on the floor; there was a secret door there which communicated with the upper floor of the tower.

I got up into the garret—made my way to the end of the room, where the old escrivoir stood. I exerted all my strength to push aside the heavy mass; at last it rolled away, disclosing a great patch of unplastered wall. I pushed and beat frantically against the bare boards. Oh, I shall always believe that I was directed and helped!

In one place the planks gave back a hollow sound. I looked more closely; there was a door hidden among the overhanging timbers. I found the lock. The first key I tried did not fit.

I struck the door again and again; hammered it with a piece of iron that lay near. Suddenly I heard a sound from the tower—a loud cry. I pounded more fiercely than ever on the boards. The cry was repeated—the fearful, despairing wail which I remembered so well.

I snatched the keys again—tried each in turn—praying to God all the while in the dizzy whirl of my senses. The key moved—turned! I uttered one cry, almost as wild as the shriek I had heard. I was pushing open the door, when some one caught me by the shoulder and flung me backward.

I recovered myself; sprang up; saw Mrs. Phelps trying to lock the door again. I flew upon her with the fury of a tigress. She struggled with a desperation fully equal to my own.

"Keep off!" she gasped—"keep off!"

"The key!" I cried—"the key! I will go in! Woman, your guilt is discovered; stand back, I say! It is too late now."

"I'll kill you before you shall go in!" she shrieked.

I can remember her face even now; the countenance of a lost spirit entering perdition could not be more full of despair. She pushed me back; she struck me on the mouth; but again I heard that cry—heard a door in the tower forced open, and the shrieks come nearer and nearer.

I flung my assailant aside; then she began to call—"Richard! Richard!"

"He can't help you," I answered; "he can't hear you! The hour has come! It is Providence, woman—retribution!"

She stared at me, dumb and desperate, making wild efforts to keep me off. But I had the strength of a giant given me. I seized her; buried her aside with such violence that she fell stunned. The door gave way under my efforts. I was in the upper hall of the tower.

(To be continued.)

A NURSERY OF VIRGINIA RACE-HORSES.

"SYMPATHY with the horse," on the part of the human who is associated with the equine, is probably a sentiment coeval with the two creatures. Indeed, the man who finds nothing attractive in a fine specimen of a horse must be deficient in the sense of the beautiful and perfect in Nature. The nomad ranks his steed above his wife; the man in civilized life who has the "sympathy" strongly developed puts his favorite next below his sweetheart; and the party entirely given over to "horsiness" places the animal above

all created beings. Poets sung of him long ago, sacred and profane, and allegory has been exhausted over him, from Job and King David to Joaquin Miller.

It was natural that the favorite animal should be withdrawn from his position of a mere coadjutor in the labors or warfare of his master to one which afforded recreation and excitement. So racing must have suggested itself at a very early period. It can be traced back easily for three thousand years, and has held a place in the history of man from the first Olympic to the last Jerome Park.

It is rather singular that it should have been reserved to an insular people to take pre-eminence in the culture of the horse, more especially for speed; but it appears that the Anglo-Saxon took the lead in the strictest sense. It is on record that racing was popular in the time of Athelstan, in the ninth century, a spur having been given to it by a present of racers from Hugh Capet of France to the former monarch. Henry VIII. imported stock from the East, and under Queen Bess many courses were established, and greater care given to the improvement and training of horses. Charles I. was interested in the turf, and it is said that a "silver-gilt cup," run for at Stamford in his reign, was the first instance of a prize of that sort being offered. The asset and rugged Protector Cromwell found it in his heart to love a fine horse. The name of his stud-groom and his stallion White Turk are matters of history, and pedigrees of modern equine aristocrats on the turf are traced back to that republican thoroughbred. Charles II., who was never backward when it was a question of sport of any kind—entered horses in his own name.

In this country, it was a natural consequence that racing should have first been transplanted to the Old Dominion. Attention was paid to the breeding of horses as early as the middle of the seventeenth century, and the "sacred soil" flew beneath the swift feet of trained horses before the sod of Derby, St. Leger or the Oaks had been touched by the hoof of racer; for those renowned courses were established, whilst Virginians were engaged in other work, between 1776 and 1780. The Virginian Racer became a name in the natural history of the horse, just as the *Cervus Virginianus* still is in that of the deer tribe.

It would far exceed the limit and purpose of this article to give anything like a history of the turf or the breeding of blooded stock in Virginia; but a few of the more recent names engaged in the business may be mentioned.

The Holmeses, in the latter part of last century and beginning of this, flourished in Caroline County, where, near the Bowling Green, the overgrown track of a course, much used in their day, can now be traced; John Taylor, of Mount Airy, a name perfectly familiar in turf annals; the Minges; Colonel William R. Johnson, the Napoleon of the turf in his day; John Minor Botts; Mr. Haxall, founder of the milling firm so well known in commerce to this day, was a raiser of blooded horses; and Mr. John Wickham, the raiser of Boston. These are some of the names, and chronologically bring us down to that of Major Thomas Doswell, founder of the Nursery of Virginia Race-horses, of which we give the annexed sketches.

Bullfield, rather a Hibernian name under the circumstances, though the title was given long before the farm was devoted to its present purposes, is situated about twenty-five miles north of Richmond, in a loop of the North Anna River. Major Doswell (father of the present owner, who is also a major) moved to the place about 1815, and at twenty-one years of age turned his attention to the culture of the horse. Since the death of Major Doswell, senior, his son has continued to raise blooded stock, so that for nearly sixty years Bullfield has witnessed the coming and passing away of animals of long descent, and may well deserve the title which heads this article.

The farm, containing about 1,300 acres, does not differ in aspect materially from many other Virginia homesteads. Visited for the first time by the writer on a breezy autumn day, there was an indefinable sense of cheerfulness about the scene; a sense of remoteness from all disturbing influences, which the pastoral poets have attempted to describe on various occasions, but no quotation from which would exactly suit the present. It was impossible to associate this Arcadian quiet in any way with the dust and excitement of a race-course, though everything carried on here had that object in view.

After a pleasant ride through a closely-wooded road, the trees on either side bearing the scars of bullets (for there is a scrap of history to be written of this place), the long road from the big gate to the house was entered. The conveyance soon overtook a proud-stepping, egotistical animal, whose silken sides shone in the sun. This was Abd-el-Kader, coming from his morning's constitutional; as haughty as if he bore his Moorish namesake instead of a voter whose ancestors came from another quarter of Africa. The house was reached. The sketch will sufficiently describe it. The portion with dormer windows was built in 1790, the brick addition in 1850. In the house there was an inkling that something which had unusual concern with horseflesh was the custom of the place. There were many more pictures of horses than of anything else; engravings and paintings, some of the former of evident antiquity, and having the names, and sometimes the pedigrees, of the animals upon them. A long row of "Turf Registers" and other "horsy" books were equally suggestive. After a general ablution and a ceremony rarely neglected on a Virginia farm, involving the use of sugar, water and other ingredients—say ice—a tour of inspection was started, and the sketching prosecuted until the time came to leave for the train.

To the right as you leave the yard-gate, after passing a building called the "Office," which looks older than the oldest part of the house,

and is about to be demolished, you come to a long lane, bordered on each hand by stables, hen-houses and structures for the farming operations. These are called the old stables; but to the stranger, especially from the North, if he have any eye for the picturesque, they are far more interesting than the new buildings. The log-built stables, with the "daubing" disintegrating from the chinks, and the gray and brown weather-stains, are to such an individual more attractive than any combination of chalet or rural Gothic in stable architecture. Turning into the stable-yard, tramped hard by many a hoof, the visitor was shown the admirable arrangement of the new stable. To say that the stalls and appurtenances were clean, hardly expresses the fact; they were dainty. Orion and Abd-el-Kader, quietly munching their dinner, merely glanced at the party and continued. They are splendid specimens of their kind and gender. Workmen were busy putting up new buildings in the yard, and the picturesque is to give place to modern improvements. Major Doswell seemed to prefer the latter.

In the pasture, old Nina stood quietly for her portrait; so quietly that she seemed lost in a reverie on her long descent and celebrated progeny. She possibly remembers her distinguished sire, Boston, and dwells fondly on the memories of his victories; maybe, more naturally, she has proud dreams of Planet, Exchequer or Eclipse. She bears well her twenty-four years, and counts her children thirteen—one only a few months old at this writing. Other matronly mares grouped about, and several colts, weanlings and yearlings, their tails and manes streaming in the brisk breeze, showed, in their deer-like limbs and free motions, unmistakably evidences of "blood." Four of them, Cara Lisa, Lizzie Lucas, Huntington and Diavolo, are already entered for the season of 1873.

The training-track is about a quarter of a mile from the house. The situation could not be more admirable. The level field is skirted for nearly half its circumference by rising ground, making a perfect "grand stand," so good, indeed, that the wooden structure formerly used for observation is now abandoned and failing to decay, as a view of the whole course is commanded from its foot. It was laid out about 1820. There are three tracks on the field—one, a mile round; another, fifty-seven yards over a mile; the third, three hundred yards short of a mile. They are called the dry, the cold, and the wet tracks, respectively—the variation in the soil making them, severally, available in dry, cold and wet weather. The quarters and blacksmith-shop require no special description.

Uncle Phil, who, like most of his race, seemed to dislike the ordeal, submitted, with a plain protest in his face, to having his lineaments "drawn off." He was born free, and has spent his nearly sixty years with racers; was himself a rider in active service on the turf for ten years; rode Bayard and Sallie Hornet forty years ago. He is now assistant trainer, exerciser and general utility man about the farm, and after dinner drove the party back to the station. He married a woman belonging to the Doswells. Before the war, whilst Major Doswell was sheriff of Richmond, Uncle Phil frequently acted as jailer at the county jail, and made a perfectly trustworthy functionary.

As has been hinted, Bullfield, like most other places in Eastern Virginia, has its historical associations. In the campaign of 1864, in the month of May, General Grant came up with and attempted to head off General Lee at this point—the extreme right of the Confederate army. Both armies had rifle-pits on Major Doswell's farm, and his aged parents were called upon to abandon the place, suddenly, at midnight. General Grant laid pontoons across the North Anna here, and made a night attack upon the Confederate lines, which failed to accomplish his flank movement, and he marched upon Cold Harbor. Two days after the fighting, Major Doswell, senior, and his wife returned to their dismantled home. On entering the farm-gate they were greeted with the sight of a line of dead bodies, Federal soldiers, lying in front of General Lee's rifle-pits. Mrs. Doswell, an aged lady, was inexpressibly shocked at the horrid and perfectly unexpected spectacle, and was shortly afterward stricken with paralysis and died in a few days. The dead were buried by the farm-hands. Major Doswell (the present one) had seventy interred; but, singular to say, when the National Cemetery Collectors came around, they managed to fill up upward of a hundred coffins!

The rifle-pits are leveled nearly, and nothing remains on the place to show the marks of war, except the scarred trees on the road and the bayonet-scratched pictures in the parlor.

A ride through the glowing woods closed the pleasant day's excursion, and the writer and his companions sped "on to Richmond," behind the only horse that has yet outstripped the racer—the steam one.

It is not out of place to name some of the more celebrated racers reared and trained at Bullfield, to show its pre-eminence as a nursery of Virginia race-horses: Bayard and Sallie Hornet, who in 1831 and 1832 beat Trifle and Andrew; Passenger, who beat the renowned Fashion; Sarah Washington; Inspector, who never lost a race until he broke his leg in Charleston, in 1849; Sue Washington, winner of a sixteen-mile race at Columbus (she left the turf in 1859, after winning a number of races, and making remarkable time; Slasher; Fannie Washington, who won in all thirty races at all distances (she won three races the same week at New Orleans, in April, 1859—two-mile heat, three-mile and four-mile—the last three miles of a four-mile race she accomplished in 5.30); Olive Branch, who was taken to England by Mr. Ten Broeck, trained there, and won some important races; and Planet, whose achievements are still green in the memory of all interested in the turf. Through his dam, Nina,

he traces his descent back to Charles II. His aggregate winnings foot up \$72,000. Eclipse made his mark last season at Jerome Park. The horses on the farm at the time of the visit were, Abd-el-Kader, Orion, Middy, Wine Sap, Orianna, Ninetta (since dead from accident), Armistice, and the four two-year olds already mentioned. The average number of brood mares and colts is, respectively, five and four per annum. The number is small, but more attention is paid to pure breeding than mere numbers.

BROOKLYN SUNDAY-SCHOOL ANNIVERSARY.

THIRTY THOUSAND children paraded in Brooklyn, L. I., May 29th, on the forty-third anniversary of the Sunday-school attendants of the various Protestant churches of that city.

For weeks before the great event, the children were on the "tip-toe of expectation." The day fortunately was a fine one, and the parade of the different divisions was a decided success.

The dresses of the little folks were neat and tasteful, and they made a very fine and pretty appearance as they marched in line, with all the soberness and gravity of maturer years. One division, consisting of several thousand, paraded up Bedford Avenue, which was decorated with flags and bunting, to a pavilion erected in an open lot near De Kalb Avenue, where the children were treated, after various exercises and addresses, to ice-cream, strawberries, cakes, etc.

Another division, equally numerous, took possession of Fort Greene, and held their festival, against all comers, under the beautiful arbor at the top of the hill.

A third division, the most numerous of all, comprising over ten thousand, entered Prospect Park in the early part of the day, and the children held high carnival until the shades of evening began to descend. The entertainments here were decidedly the most interesting and best conducted. The order of exercises comprised singing of Sunday-school songs by the children, which were very well and musically rendered.

The Washington Park Division paraded Washington Park and Cumberland Street, from Lafayette to Willoughby Avenues.

The Heights Division paraded through Clinton, Pierrepont, Montague and Joralemon Streets. A large number of flags were displayed from the houses along the routes, and people thronged the sidewalks, windows, and door-steps, waving handkerchiefs and applauding the little ones.

The Carroll Park Division, headed like the others by a full brass band of music, took up their line of march through Clinton Street and First Place.

The route of the Tompkins Square Division was from Bedford Avenue, from Lafayette to Myrtle Avenue.

SCIENTIFIC.

WE have already referred to the process of engraving by means of a jet of sand. A Mr. Morse now obtains fine effects by simply allowing corundum or emery to fall through a tube of the length of eight feet on to the prepared surface. By this means all the exposed parts of the glass or silver plate are etched in the most perfect manner.

At a late meeting of the State Dental Society of Pennsylvania, one of the members, Dr. Barker, is reported to have read an essay on irregularity of teeth, the circumstances favoring it, and suggestions on its prevention and treatment. The essayist held the opinion that a retrograde metamorphosis is going on in human teeth. To obviate this there must be improvement in the mode of living, the use of more substantial food, and from the time of the appearance of the deciduous teeth children should be under the care of an educated dentist; so that when the permanent teeth begin to erupt they may be properly guided, and a regular arch result. As a rule, the first permanent molars should be extracted to make room for the succeeding teeth, for the jaws of the Anglo-Saxon race are shortening, and no longer have room for thirty-two teeth. How will this end?

THERE is an establishment called the Lehigh University at South Bethlehem, Pa. It was founded in the year 1865, by the Hon. Asa Parker, who gave the sum of \$500,000 and a site of land containing 56 acres in the Lehigh Valley. The purpose of the founder was "to provide the means of imparting to young men of the valley, of the State, and of the country, a complete professional education, which should not only supply their general wants, but also fit them to take an immediate and active part in the practical and professional duties of the time. The system determined upon proposes to discard only what has been proved to be useless in the former systems, and to introduce those important branches which have been heretofore more or less neglected in what purports to be a liberal education, and especially those industrial pursuits which tend to develop the resources of the country—pursuits, the paramount claims and inter-relations of which natural science is daily displaying—such as engineering, civil, mechanical and mining; chemistry, metallurgy, architecture and construction." For this purpose special classes in all the above-named subjects have been instituted; and by the liberality of Robert H. Sayre, one of the trustees of the University, an astronomical observatory has been erected in the university grounds, and placed under the Professor of Mathematics and Astronomy, for the instruction of students in practical astronomy.

DURING the siege of Paris by the Prussians, M. Dupuy de Lôme offered to construct a balloon which should have steering powers of its own, and so not be totally at the mercy of the winds. That some sort of guiding power was required for the balloons which were dispatched from Paris during its investment by the Germans is shown by the fact that, out of sixty balloons sent out during that period, no less than fifteen failed to carry their contents to a place of safety, some falling into the sea and several into the hands of the Prussians. After much tire-some delay, M. Dupuy de Lôme's plans were accepted by the Government of National Defense, a credit of \$8,000 was opened for him, and he began to construct his balloon at the Palais de l'Industrie. So great was

the difficulty, however, in constructing an immense balloon on a totally new system, in a city completely cut off from the rest of the civilized world, that M. Dupuy de Lôme's huge machine was not ready until just four days before the capitulation. It was, or rather is 118 feet long by 49 feet diameter, with a screw of ten blades of 29 feet diameter—the screw being capable, worked by eight men, of 21 revolutions in a minute. With this he is able to keep a little ahead of the wind, and obtain what sailors call "steering way." He has lately made an experimental trip, and finds that with the contrivance he calls a rudder he can obtain a maximum deviation of 22 degrees from the direction or "set" of the wind. This is certainly a gain; but aerial navigation is in its infancy, notwithstanding.

NEWS BREVITIES.

Troy is to have three public baths.

This is the season of religious conventions.

Brazil promises an extraordinary coffee crop this year.

The silk-worms are driving out the caterpillars in Florida.

The English Parliament adjourned to observe Derby Day.

Alton, Ill., uses her steam fire-engines to sprinkle the streets.

The bootblacks about the New York ferries are to be uniformed.

More shipbuilders live in Quebec than any other town in America.

Wyoming farmers propose irrigating their lands by artesian wells.

Many Shakers are seceding from the Community at Lebanon, N. Y.

The racing season at Long Branch bids fair to be of unusual interest this year.

Continuous dry weather in Cuba has increased the sugar crop eight per cent.

His HIGHNESS PRINCE GRANT has honored the Czar with an interview at Moscow.

Mormon missionaries are still busy at work in various parts of Europe making proselytes.

The spotted fever is prevailing with unwonted severity in some portions of Pennsylvania.

After a four-years' combat, the picture gallery at Birmingham, England, is to be open on Sundays.

A BARKEEPER at Lynchburg, Va., advertises that gentlemen wishing drinks must bring orders from their wives.

NEWARK, N. J., has just opened the new building intended for the Old Ladies' Home. It has a beautiful location.

ONE of the results of the civilization of Japan is to leave 10,000 Buddhist priests penniless and without employment.

THE ninety-second Derby Stakes race took place on Epsom Downs, May 29th, resulting in a victory for Cremorne.

MARSHAL SERRANO has offered full pardon to all insurgents in Biscay who surrender, and there is much indignation thereat.

THE police of Vienna have notified the newspapers that the publication of matrimonial advertisements must be stopped.

THE women of Utah are preparing another memorial to Congress against admission and the dominion of the Mormon Church.

IT is estimated that in the State of Delaware there are about 5,000,000 peach trees, and that 1,250,000 baskets may be expected this season.

SAN FRANCISCO offers a premium of ten dollars for every body recovered from the Bay. When times are hard that is a sufficient cause of murther.

FRED. LAW OLMSTEAD, the father of Central Park, has been appointed by Mayor Hall temporary president in place of Colonel Stebbins, absent in Europe.

MEXICAN cities and towns under the revolutionists are reported to be subject to the most exacting forced loans, which all classes are compelled to pay.

AUSTRALIAN mineral discoveries continue startling and novel. The latest accession to the world's wealth of metals is reported to be platinum, tin and copper, to say nothing of new findings of gold.

A MASONIC lodge is in contemplation at Bagdad, in Mesopotamia, the supposed primitive abode of man, where there is already quite a number of Freemasons, among whom are some Persian Mussulmans.

THE late Mayhew, of the London Punch, is spoken of as the only English literary man of mark who, returning from a lengthened tour through the United States, never committed one line to paper, much less to print, concerning his travels.

THE monument to Miles Standish, at Duxbury, Mass., will consist of a tower of granite, 100 feet high and 80 feet in circumference at the base. The first 30 feet are to be of hewn blocks, and the rest of rough broken granite, the whole surmounted by a statue 14 feet high.

MISS BARBARA SCHUSTER, of Richmond, Va., is a lucky woman if husbands are worth anything. She went to church to be wedded recently, and the bridegroom being tardy, the near-sighted parson united her to the groomsmen, and the right man coming soon after, she was married to him.

AN English traveler in Greece has found the site of the Temple of Diana, the pavement of which is twenty feet below the present level of the ground, while the main chariot road leading to it is nearly as deeply buried. He has found many portions of sculptured columns, which he is sending to the British Museum, and he intends to clear out the whole area of the temple.

IN the early part of the late war Mr. George C. Bester, of Peoria, Ill., contracted with the Navy Department to construct a steam battery for the United States Navy. The contract was \$386,000. Shortly after he began building the battery the Navy Department commenced alterations of the plans and specifications, enlarging the vessel, and the alterations continued till October, 1865. Failing to get pay for the extra work and materials, he became financially ruined. He claimed as due him by the increased cost of materials put in the battery, \$171,762. He has been in Washington for a term of years, watching and pushing his claim. On the 12th ult. he died, weary, old, poor and broken down with general debility; and, not having money enough to pay for his burial, the "Odd Fellows," of which association he was a member, took charge of his body for respectable interment. On the night of the day of his death, the bill giving him \$125,000 passed the Senate.



OLD HOME.



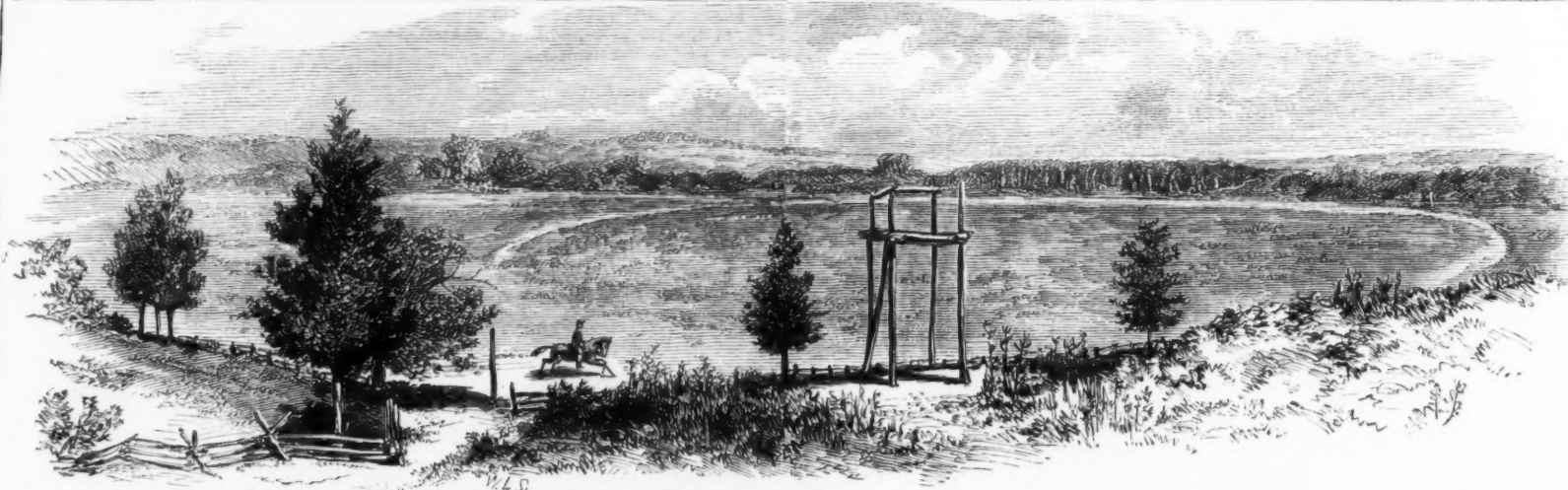
BLACKSMITH'S SHOP.



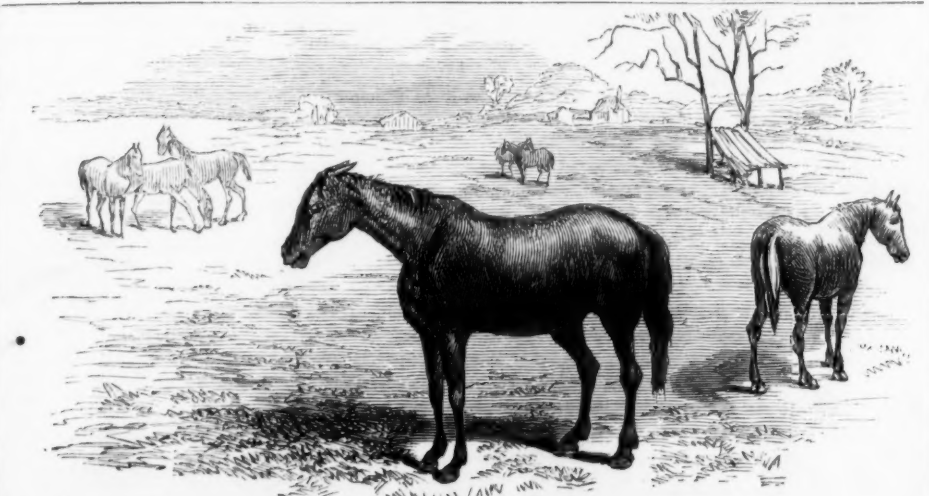
NEW STABLE.



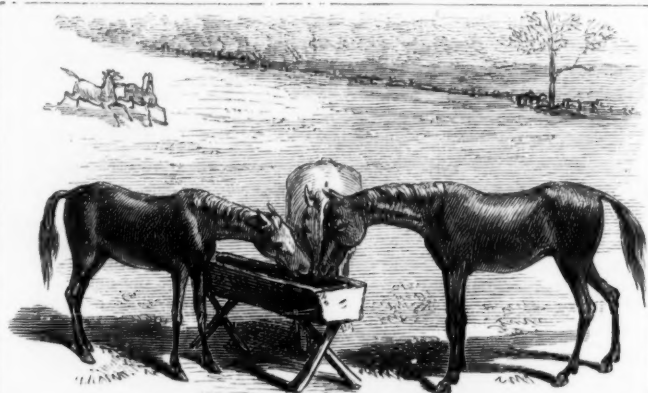
OLD STABLES.



TRAINING TRACK



BROOD MARES. OLD NINA IN FOREGROUND.



THE COLTS.



THE QUARTERS.



UNCLE PHIL.

GROOM & TRAINER.

VIRGINIA.—A NURSERY OF VIRGINIA RACE-HORSES—MAJOR DOSWELL'S FARM ON THE NORTH ANNA RIVER.
FROM SKETCHES BY WM. L. SHEPPARD.—SEE PAGE 213.



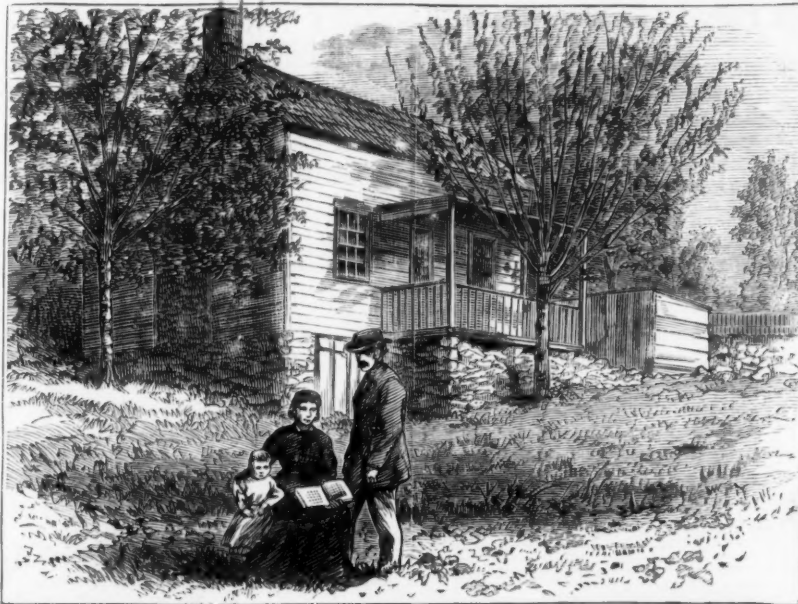
WISCONSIN.—INTERIOR VIEW OF THE NEW ACADEMY OF MUSIC AT MILWAUKEE.—FROM A SKETCH BY CHAS. HOFFMAN.—SEE PAGE 215.

REMINISCENCES OF SACRAMENTO.

ABOUT the year 1858 the great North American tragedian, McKean Buchanan, was running the Metropolitan Theatre, in this city. Buck had some trouble with one of his actors named Forbes, and from words they came to blows, Buck throwing out his "bunch of fives" and thereby blacking Forbes's eye. The latter swore out a warrant for Buck, and he was duly arrested. Hon. J. W. Coffroth was employed to defend the case. A jury of Buck's peers was demanded to try the cause. Now be it known that juries in Police Courts are an abomination to every one except to those who call for them—but in those days every citizen was liable to jury duty.

Two waggish constables (Len. Harris and Fred Chamberlin) were sent out to drum up a jury to sit in judgment on the g-r-e-a-t tragedian. One went down the levee, the other Front Street. Old "bums" were summoned from the hay and lumber piles; they were awakened from chairs in rum-mills—stirred out of empty drygoods-boxes, and aroused from their peaceful slumbers on the sidewalks and in the freight-sheds. In the course of a half-hour twenty-four citizens appeared in Court to respond to their names and duties as jurymen.

The first twelve names were called, and as they occupied their seats in the box Coffroth began to wonder, Buck looked aghast, the



NEW YORK.—THE FARMERS' HOUSE, ON MR. GREELEY'S CHAPPAQUA FARM.—SEE PAGE 215.

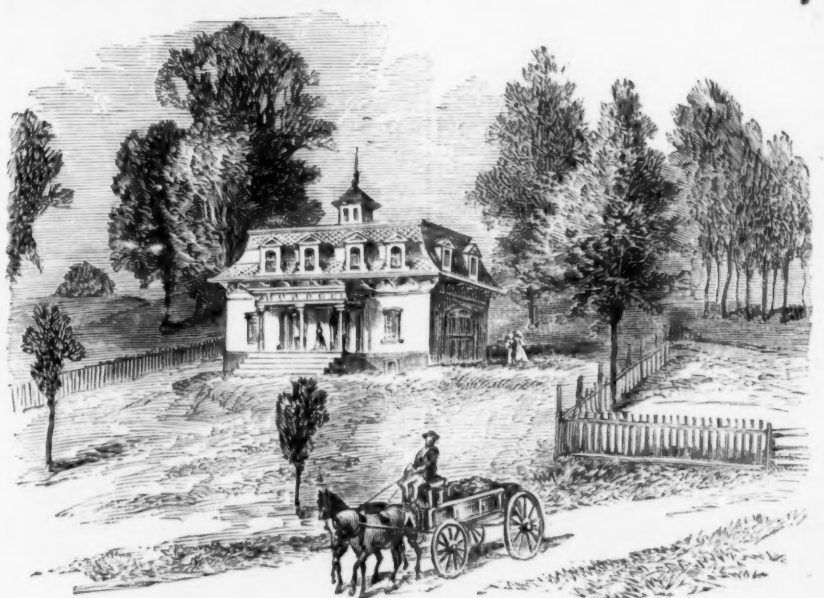
audience tittered, and the Judge (Coggins) thought, "What next?" The jury were requested to stand up and be sworn to answer questions touching their qualifications to serve as jurors, and there stood twelve of Sacramento's most noted "bums," "Old Hans" at the head and "Happy Jack" at the foot—the "rag-tag and bob-tail" of the levee; blacked eyes, bunged noses and mouths, hair uncombed and full of hay or straw, bleared faces and rags were the rule and not the exception.

Old Buck was wild; Coffroth tried to hold him down, but it was no go; he arose from his seat, his mouth full of "soap," and with the majesty of Richelieu, threw himself on the mercy of the Court, as follows: "May it p-le-a-s-e your Honor, the law says a man may be tried by a jury of his p-e-e-r-s. If those (pointing to the jury) are my p-e-e-r-s, then I will plead guilty." Amid roars of laughter the Court was adjourned, Buck declaring that it was the best foundation for a farce he ever found, and he would certainly bring it out on the stage, although he thought that jury would have hung him had they had a chance to try him for assault and battery.

FULMINATINE is the name given to a new explosive compound, which consists of nitroglycerine mixed with silica, and 15 per cent. of a secret substance, which is, when ignited, dissipated as gas.



NEW HAMPSHIRE.—THE HOUSE AT AMHERST WHERE HORACE GREELEY WAS BORN.



NEW YORK.—THE SUMMER COTTAGE ON MR. GREELEY'S CHAPPAQUA FARM.

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

KNIGHTS of the bath—Saturday.

A MATTER of course—A boat-race.

A LOVER's meter—Meet her by moonlight.

A REFLECTIVE reporter described a hearse as "a splendid, though sad vehicle."

WHEN does a man feel girlish? When he makes his maiden speech.

Does a cow become landed property when she is turned into a field?

THE earliest barbecue on record—Luther burning the Pope's bull at Worms.

WHY might carpenters believe there is no such thing as stone? Because they never saw it.

THE young widow who was buried in grief is now alive and doing well. It is only another instance of premature interment.

A SCHOOLBOY, writing on "Extremes," sagely observes, that "we should endeavor to avoid extremes, especially those of wasps and bees."

A GERMAN lately married says: "Id was joost so easy as a needle cood walk out mit a camel's eye, as to get der behindt vord mit a voman's."

AN Indiana lady has a divorce from her husband in her pocket, and whenever he don't mind, she takes out the document and shows it to him, when he "weakens."

A NEGRO thus philosophizes and reasons with the white world: "All men are made of clay, and, like a meerschau pipe, are more valuable when highly colored."

A SERVANT-GIRL, writing a letter, asked her master if "the next month had come in yet." He laughed. "Well," she said, "what I mean is, has the last month gone out yet?"

"LEE," said Mrs. Partington, "How do astronomers measure the distance of the sun?" "Why," replied young hopeful, "they guesses a quarter of the distance, and then multiplies by four." Mrs. P. fainted!

A WESTERN NEW YORK miss unguardedly volunteered the remark in the family circle that "when gentlemen eat warm maple sugar it gets into their mustaches and makes them scratchy." Her father is curious to know how she found it out.

GOVERNOR MERRILL ON THE MARION WATCHES.

MESSRS. GILES BROS. & Co., Chicago, Ill.: I take pleasure in saying that the watch I bought of you, being 21,767, "Fayette Stratton, Marion, New Jersey," made by the United States Watch Co. (Giles, Wales & Co.), has given perfect satisfaction; its variation from mean time since regulated being scarcely perceptible. SAMUEL MERRILL, Gov. of Iowa.

AMONGST the fine arts, photography has from its inception been more generally utilitarian in its application to the necessities of mankind than painting and sculpture. It is the only art which can supply us with counterfeit presentments of natural objects with absolute accuracy and at an inexpensive cost. The Scovill Manufacturing Company is the most flourishing establishment where photographic materials are manufactured. They have extensive warehouses in this city, at No. 4 Beekman Street and 36 Park Row, and agencies in Boston and Chicago, Paris and Liverpool. At the Convention of the National Photographic Association, held at St. Louis in May, they had the finest display of apparatus, cameras, and photographic requisites which has ever been made upon a similar occasion. This house makes the only complete line of requisites for the artist and amateur, and all other dealers in these goods are largely dependent upon the Scovill Manufacturing Co. for most of the materials used in the business.

FACTS FOR THE LADIES.

MRS. H. F. TAYLOR, Brasher Falls, N. Y., has used a Wheeler & Wilson Lock-Stitch Machine since 1868 in dress-making and family sewing, without any repairs, and has broken but two needles in thirteen years. See the New Improvements and Wood's Lock-Stitch Ripper.

MESSRS. O'NEILL & Co., 327 and 329 Sixth Avenue, have announced a large reduction in the prices of all their Millinery Goods. The immense patronage bestowed by the ladies of New York and vicinity is the best guarantee that the stock of Messrs. O'Neill is ever replete with all the novelties of the season—thus rendering their establishment the leading emporium in the specialties of millinery goods.

THE NEW WILSON UNDER-FEED SEWING MACHINE is a perfect lock-stitch machine, making a seam alike on both sides, and is adapted to every grade and variety of family sewing. It does to perfection embroidery, hemming, cording, braiding, fine and coarse sewing of all kinds, with less machinery and complications than any other machine in use, and is sold at two-thirds the price of all other first-class machines. Salesroom, 707 Broadway, N. Y.; also for sale in all other cities in the United States.

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THE "Collins Metal Watches & Jewelry," manufactured at 335 Broadway, New York, combine two very important requisites, viz.: "durability and cheapness." They guarantee satisfaction in all cases. See their advertisement in this paper. Their goods are the best imitation of the real gold that can be had in the market.

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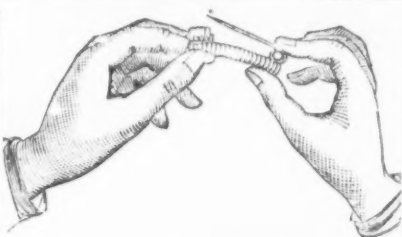
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